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*From December  
To December*

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From



**FROM DECEMBER TO DECEMBER**



**FROM DECEMBER TO  
DECEMBER**

**THE DAY BOOK OF MELISANDE**

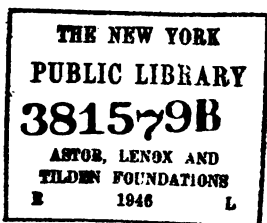
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**LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET**

**1905**

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# FROM DECEMBER TO DECEMBER

## THE BELOVED.

### I.

My Life is full of sweetness and of Peace,  
Full of all fair Proportion and calm Days ;  
In it all Duty is the dearest ease,  
For Duty is the nearest Joy always,

### II.

And never Force, or Storm, or any stress  
Can beat upon my walled-in Garden-Home,  
For God Himself walks here to heal and bless,  
And where He is, not any ill can come.

### III.

Within is all may feed the wants of man ;  
There Work, and Wealth, and Intellect, are found  
And Love is still the deep Foundation plan,  
And Love makes all he builds on, Holy Ground.

If Love within my Garden keep such store,  
Can any Love without offer me more ?

## THE QUESTION.

## I.

And can it be Love's very Gifts profound,  
The sweetest, dearest Gifts Love does provide,  
Within my Garden borders there are found,  
While Love Himself weeps drearily outside ?

## II.

For Love, with purple wings, all tossed and torn,  
Weeping full sore, beside my door does wait,  
And still He wrings entreating hands forlorn,  
His beauty dimmed, and all disconsolate.

## III.

A Beggar now ; but yet a King He is,  
Who has forgot his Kingdom and his Throne.  
Oh beauteous Love, why dost thou stoop to this,  
Who calledst all the Earth and Heavens thine own ?

Ah, weary Love ! forget thy Prayers and Pain,  
Forget thy Griefs, and be a King again.

## LOVE'S REPLY.

## I.

But in your Garden-walks and green Parterre,  
What do you know of Want or Woe like mine ?  
All bends beneath your Will that's sheltered there,  
A Temple, and a Goddess, and a Shrine.

## II.

Hungry and weary, worn with want and pain,  
I've travelled far, with bitter Grief oppressed ;  
Open your Heart and take me in again,  
And lay me on the treasure of your Breast.

## III.

You are too safe and calm, you've lain too soft ;  
You cannot all the depths of Love's Heart know ;  
You sigh too seldom, and you smile too oft—  
Little within for so much outward show.

You have not felt Love's Truth in very deed,  
Nor followed Him, with hands and feet that bleed.

LOVE'S ARGUMENT (*continued*).

## I.

How can you know the value of your Love,  
Who never bought a Bliss with pains like mine?  
What do you know of Peace, who never move?  
You pay in terms of dross for Worth Divine.

## II.

I know the good of all your fair Estate,  
Who wander, homeless, thro' the restless day;  
Denied both food and fire at every gate,  
On wounded pinions still, I'm turned away!

## III.

But you, who never stir, but take your ease,  
Fanned by the shifting, scented summer air,  
Who think, and do, and wish whate'er you please,  
Nor think of Death, who waits on all that's fair—  
  
Oh, you should be like me, storm-tossed, storm-  
driven,  
Before you learn the value of your Haven!

LOVE'S REWARD (*continued*).

## I.

And if you lift and lay me on your Breast,  
I'll teach you the dark meaning of Despair,  
The restless Tyranny that cannot rest,  
But tramples still on all that's sweet and fair.

## II.

I'll steal from out your Borders every Flower,  
I'll rob your time, your mind, of all that's dear,  
And when you look on your deserted Bower,  
You'll say, ' My God, how beautiful they were !'

## III.

The Wild-briar and the Thorn shall be your Rose.  
No Lilies, sweet and white, grow there again,  
Wasted and whipped by every Wind that blows :  
Your Garden fair becomes a joyless plain !

Then, when you're starved and poor and robbed  
like me,  
You'll reckon well the Worth those Flowers be !

## THE BELOVED'S REPLY.

## I.

O wandering Love, that deals't in prayers and threats,  
Forget your wandering and your fierce despair ;  
Here is soft shade and Peace—'tis Love entreats,  
Fold your Wild Wings, and gently enter here.

## II.

Forget the wandering and the weary Days,  
Thou art come home again—this is thy Home ;  
For in my garden Love keeps all the Ways,  
And where He dwells not any ill can come.

## III.

Thou didst mistake thy nature and thy Heart  
For restless Tyranny's deep, bitter Pain.  
God's is thy Kingdom : where He is thou art,  
And where He's King, there only shalt thou reign.

Then cease thy Tears, show now thy better wit,  
And in my green Parterres come thou and sit.

THE BELOVED'S REPLY (*continued*).

I.

God is the Source and Fountain of all Love,  
And all the Toys and Gauds that seem sublime  
Are but as leaves that on His surface move,  
Whose Springs are in Eternity, not Time.

II.

For Love is Life itself, the Vital Spark ;  
These—but the fair shows of a briefer day—  
And every soul would, without Love, be dark,  
And every Flower but wither and decay.

III.

'Tis Love that swells the seed, and every hour  
Does lavish Life on every Field and Plain.  
Love lives in all, not in a single Flower ;  
Life comes from Love, and thither turns again.

If this be so, then how can Love depend  
On any single seed, or Flower, or Friend ?



LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY (*continued*).

## I.

For He it is whose essence in your Soul  
Alone can fill and feed that Vital Part,  
Who speaks thro' every sense to that sweet Whole,  
Whether thro' eyes, or mind, or aching Heart.

## II.

He gave you all the Beauties of the Earth,  
Of Winds and skies, of mountain, seas, and Land ;  
He gave the expressive Form a Human birth,  
And taught it all the Charms it does command.

## III.

And in that human Form, His Dearest Dress,  
'Tis God Himself lies, hidden by that Eye,  
And God's own Nature, might those tones express  
There God Himself, conceals His Majesty.

Then yield to God the hidden Realm that's His,  
And do not change for Toys, His Heavenly Bliss.

THE BELOVED'S ARGUMENT (*continued*).

## I.

For see how Fatal 'tis, when Kingdoms rise,  
And do deny their Kingdom and their King :  
There Justice in the Kennel prostrate lies,  
And Dogs of War, their senseless clamour ring.

## II.

Then, any temporal Tyrant, chance may raise,  
(Or circumstance may steer a shiftless course)  
May there enforce his Will, his blame or Praise,  
Nor any care for Truth, where Truth is Force.

## III.

This helpless Kingdom is, the man who is  
A helmless Bark and his own Passion's prey,  
Who owns no Captain, knows no Port, but this—  
The shifting Port of any Winds that play.

How does he leave his Course without control  
Who does not let his God command his Soul !

**MARCH 5, 1904.**

To stand in a quiet place, surrounded by trunks of beech-trees and stems of firs; to see everywhere the succulent green leaves of 'lords and ladies,' the sturdy green of the early spring spiræa pushing riotously through the crisp carpet of last year's yellow-red leaves; to hear, harmonized in space, the sweet songs of innumerable birds, is to realize that here, in the fulness of consciousness within, is to be found the Kingdom of Heaven.

**MARCH 7, 1904.**

If my life should abruptly end within the next few days, I want you to know that I have always realized that my only well-being is in God. I have been faithless to Christ since He first called me; yet I have lived and had my being, such as it has been, only by Christ's words. I now realize it is the most foolish disloyalty to exist by Him and yet not to confess He is the Author of my being. For if, as has been the case lately, I have been hanging on to a bare existence

by the thought of God's voice in my natural soul, yet it is Christ only who taught me to seek Him there, to believe in His light there, within ; to know for a fact that neither happiness nor peace can be found in anything at all that is without ; that the Kingdom of Heaven consists solely in the joy within.

MARCH, 1904.

It takes a very, very long time before ugliness can dawn upon me. I do not know whether it is because, as I have sometimes thought, my whole personality is wrapt in cloud upon cloud of mysticism, and of these clouds I build magnificent aery castles, sometimes coloured with the soft hue of Hope, or with the rose of Faith, or with the sumptuous purple of a full Charity ; and whether it is that these glorious cloudy structures wear thinner and thinner, or that I place in their storied chambers more than their substance can bear, that at length they fall toppling about my ears, and I see, left visible by their absence, the gaping pit of unutterable blackness of darkness at my feet full of horrible, creeping things.

## AN IMPRESSION.

## I.

Oh, thou Vision of Strength and Beauty,  
Thou Vision of the Soul !  
Thou, who revealest things unseen, unuttered,  
The sudden secret Beauties of the Soul,  
With a gesture thou discoverest  
The Great Soul breaking from her prison-house—  
Breaking from her prison-house of clay.

## II.

For thou knowest the great primal forces of Nature,  
As Nature herself knows  
The red lava leaping in her bosom,  
The wild winds moaning in her mountain-tops,  
The deep, restless surge of the ocean,  
The hungry roar that rejoices the hunter,  
The great untamed, hungry realm of Nature,  
For ever unsatisfied and for ever searching—  
Searching the Void with wild, passionate Desolation,  
Seeking the food of the soul for ever—seeking  
Vainly for God : where shall she find Him ?  
Oh, thou Vision of Strength, of Beauty, of Desolation—  
Thou Vision of Despair and Desire !

MARCH, 1904.

My life is one that teaches me the value of education. How many things there are that, if one had been taught them, shown their reasons for existence, either in abstract logic or in the history of their growth—if one had been given the *raison d'être*, in fact, for anything at all, how much easier, it seems, might have been life. For the mere facts of customs, institutions, and laws, which one only knows by rote like a parrot, convey nothing at all to one. One ought either to have them explained, or else to knock up against them for one's self; otherwise one has no real consciousness of their existence.

MARCH, 1904.

I was taught nothing after the very early days of division sums, 'capitals,' rivers and mountains (and whether they were marked pink upon the map), exercises in a 'First French Course,' English dictation and copies, Mrs. Markham's history, which I loathed, and Little Arthur's, which I loved. After

that I was left to myself, without the smallest counsel or advice on education of any kind.

To be plunged, with this modest intellectual outfit, into the business of life is to leave everything to experience. It seems, perhaps, to be putting an almost excessive faith in intuition and in innate ideas !

In such a case one moves about, of course, in worlds not realized, and, as I said, one only learns about things by knocking one's self up against them.

#### MARCH, 1904.

The institution of marriage, for instance, may be the occasion of one's *début* out of the nursery dreams—dreams which are so delightful and easy—into facts that are hard and unpleasant.

One tumbles into it, perhaps, at an early age, without being told anything at all about it, and with no particular sense of responsibility. For a tiresome, disagreeable, or necessary marriage brings no spiritual thrills ; on the contrary, it is in direct contradiction to any inspirations that might come by nature, to the instinct of freedom in the soul, or to the desire for a life guided

only by the moral and intellectual forces, unplagued by a more material world.

Now, if one were taught and could believe that marriage is in itself a sacrament, able to purify the most sordid and material of ties; or, if one were taught that it is, at any rate, an invaluable superstructure of civilized evolution; or even if it were shown, at the least, that it must be considered as the convent of the twentieth century, where a woman may (commonly speaking) be protected, pure and safe—then, especially after some of the difficulties and facts of life were laid open to her, a woman who cared for her soul might possibly hug the chains of matrimony. She might, in any case, be shown its advantages and disadvantages in judicial argument, instead of being flung blindfold, almost a child, into a set of conditions whose pains and penalties will come first to her without any such preamble.

I say she might hug her chains—I do not say she will; for I am one of those who believes the light of the soul should direct the path, and if that light does not shine upon the matrimonial direction, it should not be taken.



But if, having taken this direction, even if it were a false step, I think the safeguards of matrimony as a reasonable institution might be explained, lest, as the pupil only of experience, the substance be dropped for a passing shadow, the pupil thus becoming in the pursuit of knowledge what might be described as a victim.

As an illustration of my meaning I may give another case: I remember well when my astonished mind first became aware of the fact that Science questioned the truths of Religion. How eagerly I then sought for some further basis for morality, which I thought must evaporate with these. I remember how John Stuart Mill and Aristotle gratefully provided me with some bony structures on which to hang the lovely form of Christian ethics. Thus, in my case, the understanding came to the help of the soul.

As a further argument to our novice in conventional matrimony, how simple it would be to compare the advantages of loyalty to an institution with those of slavery to an individual—or to a passion—as much better, we might say, as is sanity to insanity or the freed man or woman to a bond-slave.

For marriage under modern conditions, between civilized beings, may be a state of comparative freedom and equality, whereas, in a union of passionate love, the two persons are doubly slaves, each being enslaved first to his own passion, and secondly to the object of it. For it can but seldom happen that two persons are so perfectly matched that a complete personal devotion shall not hamper the liberty of the soul.

If the likeness and attraction lie in temperament, then the discrepancy may be the result of a different experience; or if the attraction consists in a similarity of experience, then the inevitable rift may be found in a dissimilarity of temperament.

## LIVING.

I listen for the Eternal Silence ;  
My ears are filled with silver songs ;  
Sweetest sounds from unseen birds  
Are heard in the Silence.  
Opening my eyes, I look around me  
And seek for the unseen God.  
Beauty of waters bearing  
A burden of trees and clouds,  
Beauty of winding waters  
And stalwart stems of beech-trees  
Perfumed pines and mossy banks,  
Stars of pale primroses—  
These greet me.  
In my Heart I await God's Love ;  
I seek there only His Image—  
The Prince of Peace, The One Eternal,  
The Life-Giver ;  
I see but His mirage, and there  
Man's mutable image,  
Faithless, distracted, appealing,  
Yet proudly resentful.  
My heart breaks with its burden ;  
Helpless, I call to the angel,  
Whose sword guards the glorious gate.

By the sword comes the vision.  
But weak is the arm of the angel.  
Still I must wait,  
Till, bowed with pain, I creep  
Back again to the Doorway.  
Then the angel who is sentry  
Shall take my cup, deep drained  
Of all the senses can give me,  
And fill it full of the Life of the Soul,  
The Wine of Life Eternal.

MARCH, 1904.

No doubt the conduct of a passionate love-affair is a highly educational process, and the more marked both the likeness and unlikeness, and the stronger the personalities, so much the more severe will be the course it will pursue.

If temperaments are alike, and experience and opinions very different, then, indeed, we may look out for squalls. In fact, the only persons who can be conscientiously recommended for such a situation are those happily in the possession—at the time—of some absorbing occupation ; otherwise a too great mutual concentration will greatly increase the difficulties.

Such an affair will, I suppose, run its course until the inconveniences become too great upon one side or the other, when the instinct for self-preservation upon the more injured side will put a stop to it rather than, by its further continuance, go through life halt or maimed.

Imagine, for instance, a passionate love affair between a man and a woman, in which the woman had been brought up to the

unwritten law of chivalry, whilst the man is not only unused to it, but has conscientious objections to it carefully inculcated from his youth up. Consider for a moment the time they will waste in adjusting difficulties arising from this cause.

MARCH, 1904.

Talking of this, there is the most profound study of such a situation in 'Mauprat,' by George Sand. Years ago I read 'Consuelo' with rapture, and was dreadfully afraid my riper judgment would refute that of my salad days. Although, it is true, lately I had fled to the older French romantic school as a shelter from the too exclusively intellectual atmosphere of the English and American psychological school, one felt the wire-drawn difficulties, invisible, away from their microscope, had become the subject only of the scientific specialist. The novelist disappeared more and more in the scientist; the soul ceased to live, and the restless activity of the brain only continued in the mechanical, meaningless round of some horrid nightmare, while all more human activities of heart and sense and soul were apparently asleep.

When Henry James' soul was awake, what an exquisitely sensitive soul it was ! and now for several years we get from him only the hurried pulse and the fevered brain of the psychological nightmare. But to return to my French romanticists : I found Dumas, then very thin indeed—not with the worrying thinness of microscopic over-refinement, but the exactly opposite kind, the thinness of a passing shadow flitting across a tapestried wall lit by a gleam of moonlight. 'La Tulipe Noire,' indeed, is a marvel of constructive art ; it has a charm, too, of character in its hero of a very uncommon and delicate kind. I can find nothing but interest in it.

It was the more grateful to me, therefore, to find in 'Mauprat' more than I had found in the last fifty novels—more variety of knowledge, experience, of insight. One would think at least twenty men had written the book !

The question, indeed, involuntarily arises, How much personality does a woman absorb of the man she loves ? George Sand lived in intimate union with novelists and poets : compare the work of any of them with that of herself—Prosper Mérimée, De Musset,

whom you will. In each case the man's work is that of an artist, but of one man ; there is, indeed, more of the artist at work than the man. While in George Sand's overflowing vitality, you feel the variety of several individualities at work. Is there, perhaps, something of the bee in feminine nature ? Does woman unconsciously absorb the life of the man, enriching herself, and leaving him, perhaps, less vitality, thinner than before ? Is it fair that women should be such highway robbers ? From one man she may get poetry, from another prose, from a third politics, from another perhaps more than her original birthright of sympathy with Nature. Such plundering should not be allowed, though we others get the benefit of it. By the gift of expression transplanted in a new earth we get the fruit and the flower—and George Sand.

It amuses me to think the effect upon morality this theory might have on the Bohemian mind ! Though, did not the Greeks work on some such a theory of friendship ? As Dante says somewhere, ' Love can infuse the replica of the idea into the mind of the beloved.'



## EARTH'S PHILOSOPHY.

## I.

It is enough for me to seek,  
On Earth's terrestrial sphere,  
How God does lay His colours on,  
What lovely tints lie side by side,  
How good and true when all is done,  
How free from Pain and Pride.

## II.

For Beauty's self here reigns supreme,  
And holds a willing court,  
Where Nature owns no law but His,  
And meekly serves on bended knee,  
Where Truth forever Beauty is,  
And Law is all variety.

## III.

And shall I not in Human Hearts  
Also confess His Law,  
The hidden Kingdom of His Will,  
Where Love Himself puts Love to school,  
Lest, governed by mere Human Will,  
He lose His power to rule?

## IV.

Whose service still the Kingdom is  
Of Love and Peace and Bliss,  
Where Love of One is Love of All,  
Where frailest flower may freely live  
And proudest Tyrant lowest fall,  
And Poorest proudly give.

## V.

I'll seek my God in coloured space,  
Where Nature paints his Will,  
And in the hidden Heart of man,  
Where Love of God doth dwell,  
I'll seek the Architect's great Plan,  
Who builds the Citadel.

MARCH, 1904.

The snowdrops shone whitely this morning, like snow in an unnaturally hard and good preservation in summer sunshine; an adventurous bee hummed and industriously sucked what one felt must be cold comfort, from the snowdrop. I could not help wondering whether such clay-cold flowers really had any honey, but the perseverance of the bees—for now there were at least two, or even three—was strong evidence.

It is curious that, though I recognise some notes from day to day, I do not know to what birds they belong. The blackbird's cry is the only unmistakable one to me. A note, of course, is easily recognised when a bird has a single note and not a song, as some of them apparently have, though, after all, the single note may happen to be the only one in the long repertoire of some songster that I realize as his.

No May day could be warmer, or softer, or more full of characteristic lullaby summer sounds. The only reminder to me that winter has but just been shown the door is

the penetrating damp of my earthen couch below the Scotch fir-tree. But having come out in gloves that for size and substance are more suitable to the calendar than the temperature, I presently adapted them to the exigencies of the moment, and sat dry and warm. I also heard something this morning that startled me very much (I wonder if owls cry like that in the day-time). It was something like the agonized cry of an owl in great distress or pain, and it was the most appealing sound I ever heard. Some time after I saw a pigeon winging her slow flight over the heads of the firs; perhaps it was she who gave that pathetic liquid soprano gurgle.

The sun became so hot that I had to put my handkerchief over my ear and cheek to prevent them being scorched. It suggested sunstroke, and I sought for shade; a white butterfly made quite a dress rehearsal of summer.

Have you ever *tasted* the scent of a flower? (I wonder if that is how the nuns thought of conserving violets—a brutal thing to do, I always said.) To-day, while my hands were occupied, I put a purple wild violet between my lips, and made, accidentally, a thrilling

and ethereal meal of its scented soul (for its body, remember, was still uninjured). Was it a like accident, occurring to a languid, neurotic nun, that first led to the preserving experiment, and was she disillusioned by the result, as she ought to have been, and did she repent ever after for the sin of adding sugar to the heavenly refinement of its imaginative glamour? When I entered the conservatory on my way into the house, a perfect mass of bees had entered before me, and were furiously buzzing over every flower.

If I go out of the garden to-day, I shall expect the hedgerows to be white with blackthorn, though I know they are not, the gorse yellow with blossom, and all the eager larch in their most obstreperous emerald green.

One expects to-day the violence, the freshness, the impulse of Spring. Do you know the black of the Spring storm-cloud behind the vivid green of some budding tree quite out of tone with it? What wonder! it had been intended for the background of soft blue, with which it was quite in harmony a moment ago. Isn't it Constable who

sometimes paints these glittering staccato colours ?

Oh, I must ride and ride to-day, and fill myself with the backwardness of the season and the forwardness of the day, with a million fresh sensations, and take no tablet to set it down !

MARCH, 1904.

Chateaubriand's mind was essentially monotonous ; it didn't develop, it dissipated its early strength. It's few grand emotions of love and religion, even patriotism, did not lead to any growth or variety of intellectual impressions. Chateaubriand of seventy could do nothing better than regret Chateaubriand of seventeen.

He seems to have taken upon himself from the beginning the 'grand air,' and having mounted his stilts, he stalks about on them for the rest of his career. He is determined to keep his head high, and forgets that he is thus preventing himself from taking any fresh observations or learning anything new about life on the natural level. He is satisfied to feel his own head is in the clouds. Besides, when he looks down, his exag-

gerated ego gets in his way, and he never sees past it.

His religion is entirely without personal adventure. It is part of the 'great rôle' he has set himself to play. He frankly acknowledges this, but without perceiving that he thus denies himself all disinterestedness, and that by this admission he becomes a mere party politician. He so little realizes this that he continually wears the prophet's garb, though it is no longer as a sign of a personal revelation, but in honour of shibboleth.

How different this is from what one might have expected from his early life! Was there ever such a temperament? Was there ever a more intense, personal, passionate, dreaming soul?

The other day I came across a comparison between a modern writer on 'Wild Nature' and Chateaubriand. But Chateaubriand occupied himself little with a single-minded attention to Nature. He is really only occupied with the forces of his own stormy emotions. He has not the tranquil mind, open to all the moods, the delicacies, and the silences, of the creature who is never too bright or good for human nature's daily food.

The peace, the simplicity of Nature were unknown to him. He was also intensely preoccupied with his passionate sexual nature. 'Atala' and 'Renée' were written in his youth, but without this temperamental stimulant it is doubtful if he would have written at all. It was to him ever a centre of activity.

In his allusions to Nature he uses her merely as the theatre of his emotions. He observes little more than what might be described as the 'classical events' of a sunrise or sunset, or the bright moon riding in the heavens.

Compare, for instance, this scene-painting employment of Nature as a model with the use Blake makes of her, with Blake's insight and observation and impressionability. And yet Chateaubriand had, to begin with, a temperament as full of the same raw material as Blake, or as one might find; but then, Blake was not obliged to think of himself as a peer of France, nor to allow his ambition to dominate him, the result for Chateaubriand being that he has less and less spiritual insight, not more, in later life.

It is interesting to see how his tempera-



ment calls him continually, though in vain, back to the true centre of his genius ; how it was always strong enough to make him miserable, though never strong enough to lead him ; how he always felt at the bottom of him, as he confesses in 'Atala,' 'I have only feelings and sentiments to tell you of—they are my life.' But he never had enough faith, by following his soul, to make anything out of it. He sacrificed it as a matter of course to the opportunities of the world. But though his inner consciousness was never, after his first youth, able to take him actually by the throat and say to him, 'Pay me that thou owest,' yet he had essentially the personality made only for the peace which the world cannot give. He was never happy. How could he be ? He allowed himself to follow his own soul only in the false romance of his love affairs. (Religion would have been for him the only true romance.) But this Jack-o'-Lantern he chose could not satisfy him, for the grandeur of soul that he was so conscious and so proud of was thus devoted to the worship of the creature, not the Creator ; and in the frail sweet souls of the women he loved

he sought very vainly the illusive image of God.

### MARCH.

No one, it seems to me, who is not in the possession of a wood all to himself can ever know the fulness of joy. Think of the joy it is to lie with your face down, leaning on your elbows, your closed eyes still filled with the blue of the sky and the silhouettes of branches ; or with open eyes, seeing the grasses and leaves and homely flowering creeping things, getting delicious intoxicating whiffs of the damp earth—a most shifting smell — your brain filled with a harmony of pleasant sounds.

First and most lovable, the sound of fluttering wings as a bird flits from bough to bough close to you ; then from the neighbouring plough, on the other side a great hedge, comes a chorus of larks, the rooks from a distant avenue contributing the bass viol to their soprano ; the quivering deep baa of sheep, the liquid tinkle of cow-bells, a very distant cock-crow, perhaps the quick panting of a never very distant ‘puff-puff train,’ the delicious solos of the birds in your

own wood (that at times hide out all other sounds) — birds whose songs are, as the hymn says, 'new every morning,' though I hear probably the same songs day after day. How is it that they continue to possess the all-delicious quality of love at first sight, or first sound ?

Is there any being in the world who can achieve this variety in unity and this unity in variety, except only that marvellous appeal to our senses and spirit that we call 'Nature' ?

**THE FREEDOM OF THE SOUL.**

**I.**

Let not Another's narrow Passion set  
The limit to our chainless Liberty,  
Nor we ourselves our own deep Passions let  
Build up a Wall for our Souls' Boundary.

**II.**

The extent and Tyranny of Passion's Rule  
Too uncontrolled in others we may see ;  
When the Rebellion is in our own Soul,  
Then it is not found out so easily.

**III.**

Then set we the same front to the same Foes  
Within our hearts and minds that we present  
To those that are without. Who overthrows  
The mutineers within may be content.

MARCH 17, 1904.

In order to show that Christ Himself expected and intended His influence to liberate the soul—*i.e.*, to give increased power and vitality to the whole sphere of consciousness—it is sufficient to quote a few of His own words. Everybody will remember one instance—the parable of the Talents—nothing could well be clearer or more to the point; the illustration of the steward—‘the faithful and wise’ steward, who was to be made ruler over all his lord’s goods; the emphatic parable of the Fig-tree, the promise to manure it and dig about it, if the petition for another year’s grace is granted; if not then a fruitful tree, to be cut down—‘why cumbereth it the ground?’

The acceptance of this doctrine as a matter of course by the disciples and by the Early Church is too well known to be disputed. St. Paul’s account of the diversity of gifts attending upon the gift of spirit is too commonly known to be again quoted.

Again, in the Middle Ages the impulse of art is neither more nor less than a vivid

expression in painting of the religious life of the painters—*i.e.*, of the life of the soul. It is the most startling exhibition of the origin and root and sustenance of this life, and it is a most curious fact that this has not at once been universally accepted, and that medieval painting is not at once perceived as the voice of a soul speaking to another out of its immortal and eternal life in clear and unmistakable accents across the ages.

And yet this perfectly spiritual impulse has been described as an enthusiasm for Nature! So has the critic mistaken the mere implements and means of expression for the divine madness, for the motive that moved the painter! When will these gentlemen perceive that inspiration is from within, the material employed only is from without? How long will they so cheerfully persist in putting the cart before the horse?

Note well that it is St. Paul himself who says that the possession of the Holy Spirit does not affect the diversity of natural gifts; it only gives to those diverse gifts of character and temperament an intensely increased vitality. As Herbert Spencer says, it is the whole particular sum of con-

sciousness, for which we have no scientific term or analysis, which may well be described as the soul !

Instances might be given by all of us of the result to our own sum of consciousness when, through another personality, a soul has spoken to us. It is, indeed, a recognised form of educational influence in our mental and moral life. The experience may easily be described. It is, as it were, some hidden point of electricity in our being that slumbers and sleeps ; you yourself may or may not be already aware of its existence. You wander through life dumbly seeking, led by the inner power of that unknown force ; you look sadly into the eyes of all you meet, silently asking, Is it here, the thing that is to help me ?

I am but half born into the world as yet ; I, myself, the *me* in me, is still asleep in the womb of time, who will bring the magnetic touch from eternity to release the spark of life.

To some persons how weary is this unhappy waiting ; an intense dissatisfaction weighs at the root of being ; nothing gives pleasure because nothing gives life. It may seem sometimes that from the intellect will

come what is wanted ; the intellect is cultivated eagerly. But that does not heal ; it is only another toy to be put aside. It induces forgetfulness for a moment, perhaps, as any interest that concentrates the attention may do ; but these are merely the incidents of circumstance, and they drop away as easily as they are seized upon. The essential centre of life, we feel, after all, is within, not from without.

Then, some soul touches us, and consciousness flickers, then flares into a sudden flame. Soon, what had been hidden only in self-consciousness becomes an outward manifestation. Is it Christ alone, then, you might ask, who causes this growth from within ?

Yes, for though human interests, such as ambition, patriotism, or another, may be startled into activity from a human source, the source of universal life is God alone, and no voice has power to lead us directly to God but the voice of Christ. There is no other channel equally pure and unfathomable through which the grace of God can flow. He is the Vine, we are the branches.

I speak, of course, subject to correction, and only from the secular point of view ; I



am only the natural individual, unlettered and untaught in the ways of theology. But although I am, I think, intensely secular, I do not love the world, or, rather, the business of society, which I suppose is the world; it infinitely bores me; I hate to be tied up in its coils. I would rather belong to any other profession, for it is a profession like the rest. I like, it is true, to take, every now and then, a swallow's quick flight across its surface, scarcely touching it with my wings. Then, I can see people as the Lady of Shalott saw them reflected in her mirror in a thousand glancing reflections—in impressions one does not stop to develop (I will not say to verify, for I believe in the truth of first impressions). After all, one's mind is quicker than a kodak; it registers instantaneous visions with a lightning flash: why weaken it with repetition?

## THE CONVENT.

Give me a lonely Pile of gray-hued stone,  
Built on the crag of some peaked mountain,  
Away from cheerful Town and busy Home.  
If you climb the path and frowning summit,  
You look on seas of solitary Woodland,  
That creep with darkling foam up every valley,  
And strive to climb the impenetrable mountain.  
And give me, on this isolated summit,  
Within this Building, piled of harsh gray stone,  
Wide windows whence to view the Heavens,  
And, far below, the Shadowy, solid Earth.  
Give me long, white, and pillared corridors  
Open to all the Light and Winds of Heaven,  
Where, pacing with unconscious footsteps,  
My soul's twin sisters, Silence and Solitude,  
In their Arms shall evermore enfold me.  
Sequestered in the silence of the Building,  
Give me one bare, deep-raftered Room,  
On whose high walls the saints are painted,  
Where children kneel in long procession,  
Lifting bright faces up to God ;  
And from the painted heights above them  
Angels shall lean, bringing the Bread of Heaven,  
And there the secret source of Life—The Presence—  
Shall breathe and speak in all the Silence.

MARCH 21, 1904.

What a strange thing is remorse! what a horrible sensation! Mr. Andrew Lang describes it well in his story of the 'Remora and the Firedrake.' It had, in his illustration of it, to be an immensely powerful creature in order to crush life out of the firedrake (the firedrake representing, I suppose, some strong passion). But, personally, I should think there might be something invigorating in a remorse of this kind—for some splendid sin. I am not sure, indeed, that personally I could feel remorse for a sin which is the result of a great passion. I think, on the contrary, I might be tempted to glory in any expression of force.

It is remorse for a miserable weakness, not for a mighty strength, that I am acquainted with, and I find in it nothing that is not horrible, lowering to the spiritual vitality, and generally of a loathsome and degrading nature; one dare not face it, indeed, in all its loathly terrors: to lose in one moment, out of sheer stupidity, not for the sake of passionate love, hatred, or

anger, but for a mere accident, as it were, the lovely spiritual things that render one blessed—to give up beautiful dreams of joy, and peace, and supreme happiness for this creeping nightmare of a sensation.

For I think remorse is a sensation that can only be felt for those things that need never have happened. How, indeed, could we feel it for something that was never within our power? If we know that our will, our understanding, our insight, our strength, has been swept away by something stronger than all these things, how can we feel remorse? We might as reasonably feel remorse for an earthquake or for its effects: suffering it would cause us, but we could have no right to the feeling of remorse. Therefore, in spite of Mr. Andrew Lang, even if we conquer our passion by our experience, we are not conquering it by remorse, but by a knowledge of its effects.

No, we can feel remorse only for those things that we could 'have helped,' that are caused by a moment's carelessness or foolishness or stupidity on our part, when, perhaps, we forgot to be ourselves, and let some

outside influence accidentally deflect us from our intention ; for, in a question of character, everything depends on thus remembering to be ourselves, and not another. There is always an outside world round our inner world ; it is a question of insidious encroachment from the outside on to the domain of consciousness ; a moment's carelessness as to the boundary-line, and we may open the flood-gates to this most devastating sensation, for it sweeps away from the very centre of our life all that gives solace or repose. It sees only ruin, it leaves only the abomination of desolation ; it differs only from despair in that you feel it is temporary, and despair is endless. We sorrow as one overcome with horror, but not as one without hope. Despair is suicidal ; remorse only longs for quicker, bigger draughts of life, to set time and forgetfulness between itself and its object, to earn forgetfulness, forgiveness, and repose ; to prove to itself it might have acted differently, for to *know* this is of the very essence of remorse. It is because one knows this that one feels remorse.

‘ Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;  
Man never is, but always to be blessed.’

And such a trifling thing, it may be, once stood between you and blessedness, and yet that trifling thing in a moment, like Jack's bean-stalk shuts out the big blue sky and all the company of heaven.

## CYNTHIA.

Could I see Cynthia now, with naked limbs,  
A creamy Crescent in the blue of ether,  
Lulled by its zephyrs, whispering in her ear  
The name Endymion ;  
If I could see the whiteness of the Passion  
That holds her, couched thus, between Earth and  
Heaven,  
Parting her lovely lips, heaving her bosom ;  
If I could see beneath her gleaming breasts  
The secret, glorious Vision  
That's there enthroned, entrancing all her senses,  
Then I should see her eyes sealed on the Shepherd,  
Her soul in His, her motionless Body wafted,  
Unconscious, save for Him, to Fields Elysian.

MARCH, 1904.

'Dear as remembered kisses after death.' Was there ever a more expressive line written? For the truth is that kisses are not dear nor sweet until death has made them so; or, if they are, it is only the prophetic knowledge of their extreme futility and vanity as an expression of immortal love that, filling us with pity, makes them dear.

MARCH.

The purer and the more beautiful the quality of the love you have to offer, at so much higher a price will you value it (for if you are an honest person, you will not wish to get more for it than it is worth). In its very purity and strength will be your safeguard from a bad bargain; for whatever you might have thought, you cannot really cast pearls before swine. Neither can swine injure a pearl; it may be withdrawn unrecognised from their clutches. There is nothing in the nature of a pearl to appeal to



them; they can only mistake it for something good to eat. Whereas if the creature in question is not of the nature of swine, he will recognise it and pay for it the price you demand. But you must have the power of keeping it or rescuing it. No wonder a woman is all instinct, all intuition: something of more moment than mere physical life depends upon it.

## ENDYMION I.

What shining Form glides thus between the trees,  
Whose soundless step stirs not a broken twig,  
Nor crisps the brown dead leaves, on whose slim  
brightness

The furtive shadows play, like fingering thieves  
That dare, and dare not, filch it ?

What grace and sadness in His noiseless step  
Whose drooping head bespeaks a world of Woe !

What careworn lips and eyes like agates dead  
That still sit brooding on some joy that's past !

See where he seeks yon solitary Pool,  
Beneath that gnarled oak ; there sinks he down,  
Gazing into its mirror. In those depths  
He sees the secret substance of his Soul !

MARCH, 1904.

The gift of expression is something very different indeed from garrulousness. Personality, in people who are expressive, bubbles over in thought, word, and deed every moment of their lives. They are never buried by circumstance, or, if they are, it only results in perpetual resurrections.

On the other hand, people who are not expressive are sometimes very garrulous. They are continually saying something that means nothing, walking round about a subject without ever getting in at the door.

I do not except from this class of person a certain number who write ; on the contrary, by some accident or another, they occasionally write both in verse and prose. I cannot but think they would have been happier either to have been born dumb or left uneducated, for, in spite of their perpetual use of the written and spoken language, they remain inarticulate.

They are probably possessed of considerable energy which might have served them

well as soldiers or sailors or trappists ; but having missed their vocation, or the channel suited to them, they dissipate their original force upon the sands of time, which for ever remain unfertilized. A gift of verse-making to such persons is only another snare ; they publish volumes at their own expense, and still contrive to tell you nothing but gossip, even about themselves.

MARCH, 1904.

Supposing personality, then, is the thing we want : how much do we get of it, or fail to get, in its literary expression ? In fortunate persons able to express themselves in actual life we miss—do we not ?—everything that appeals to the eye. For instance, if a charming woman sits down to write her memoirs, we no longer, when we read them, see her grace, the folds of her gown expressing it, the interest in her eyes, the delicacy of her features, the purity of her colour ; we miss the changes from softness to fire in her expression, the range of tone from tenderness to reason in her voice ; we miss the movement and lines of her hands—

in fact, we miss herself as she expresses herself outwardly, visibly.

In a man who is equally fortunate, we miss as much, or even more, for a man of character and intellect is more evidently such to the eye than a woman is. We miss then the athletic proportions that we English expect, the swing and rhythm of a finely-proportioned frame, the aquiline outline, the quickly-glancing eye, the frozen or fiery glance, the full voice with its wide range of tone for every mood—the extreme expression of individuality, in fact, of the man who has in any very great measure the gift of personality! And if this personality should be one that happens to suit us, a form of expression, a method and manner with which we never quarrel, then if we miss this we do indeed miss much.

But then, again, a man or woman cannot be always personally on view; if they are, the virtue of their personality very quickly goes out of them, and we see eventually only the empty husk walking about that had once held a soul.

No doubt it has been a pitfall to some women to see in their personal charm a

short-cut to fame and fashion without the trouble of earning it. But how terribly dull must be that effort to *please*, that dependence on mere popularity! I think the more personality any individual really has, the more he longs and seeks for its impersonal expression.

MARCH, 1904.

That is what one looks for—the virile force of a strong individuality, the man who has grown from the *inside*.

He can give you back true coin for your expenditure—no mere counterfeit, no admirable copy: it will be marked with his original signature. That is what we want—not the fine, the admirable, the highly to be commended; we want the original, the personal, in the man or the book. If you want to give a party, have the ‘great’ man at it by all means; but if you want life, light, enjoyment, have the personality, even if he is still unknown, for private consumption.

Which is the more stimulating, either as a companion or as an object of study, the cultivated and learned person, with whom

you have many harmonious sympathies, and whose scholastic acquirements may have a special value for you, or the aggressive personality of some comparatively uneducated friend whose impressionable, passionate nature is full of the stuff out of which genius is made? Which, in fact, would you have, stuff or stuffing?

Is there any interest to be compared to the interest of discovering some such temperament? (a mine of virgin gold has not half the possibilities) and you yourself may feed it, and see it develop, on the food your instinct tells you it requires.

The joy of reclaiming waste land, of seeing flourishing crops where all was barren, the peace and plenty that pleases the agriculturist, are as nothing to the harvest of him who has sown seed in souls. He indeed bears his sheaves with him, for neither he who gives nor he who receives will ever forget the seed-time and the harvest.

## ENDYMION II.

Ah, he remembers how one night, long since,  
Woody by the tender touches of the air,  
He left the sheltering roof and wandered forth  
Into the trembling moonlight,  
Where everything was gray and still and silver,  
Breathing a silence, as when a loved one sleeps;  
And he remembers how, in noiseless sandals,  
He wandered long upon the entranced Hills,  
His soul bathed in the moonbeams,  
Till, faint with soft splendour, he lay down  
Upon a glittering mossy bed to sleep,  
And there to him the unreal Vision came  
Of that ethereal form that, bending o'er him,  
Sucked from his lips his soul's once-honied sweets.



MARCH, 1904.

It is not the earthly part of earthly happiness that makes us happy. It is the heavenly part of earthly happiness only that gives us joy.

The heavenly can be, and *is*, in the earthly, if we can give the faith and patience necessary to find it.

We lose it over and over again, this heaven on earth, by our own scepticism. Having lost faith in it, we say it was never there, that there is nothing true or beautiful or good.

A more fateful mistake could hardly be made. We shall, if we persist in blindness, haste, and scepticism, become more and more monotonously wretched, and less able to see that it is we ourselves who are in fault.

MARCH, 1904.

He who gives up all to an earthly love, forgetting Christ, loses all he gives up—his mind, his body, soul and spirit, heart and affections; whereas he who gives these same things to Christ receives back a

thousandfold in mind and body, in soul and spirit, in heart and affections. And whatever of earthly pleasures, so called, we resign to Him, He repays us a thousandfold, not at His second coming, when He shall come again, when He shall judge the world, but now, to-day, and in *kind*.

MARCH, 1904.

The sin against the Holy Ghost that shall not be forgiven is, apparently, a sin against the soul. You forgive, as you hope to be forgiven, all those who trespass against you, however often they may repent of the suffering they cause you. Suffering you may always forgive and forget. But if a loved one, however dear, injure your soul, you shall not forgive him—at least, you shall shun his company, you shall excommunicate him—cut him off from bed and board: for if your hand or foot offend you, cut it off; if your eye offend you, pluck it out. What good will it do your having both eyes to be cast into hell? Hell is, of course, the death of the soul—eternal death. It is, then, a natural instinct of spiritual self-preservation that

teaches you in a warning, secret flash to use no more parleying, to take the irrevocable measure rather than to choose corrosion, corruption, cancer, and death. For it has been well said, there is not a bribe big enough, there is actually nothing at all that a man can take in exchange for his soul.

It is a simple fact, taught by common experience, that to lose your soul, or even to stain it, to weaken it, to stifle it, is to suffer the pains of a lingering death. We know that stone walls and iron bars do not make a prison that can cage the free soul. But to accept conditions that cast a stain is to agree to a penal servitude of a most despicable kind. Those fellow-sinners of yours, therefore, whose sin has for you this corrosive quality must ever avoid your company or abandon their sin.

For, dear as they may be to you, your love for them, if you continued under these circumstances, would die, eaten away by the same horrid poison that eats away your soul ; so that, in order to keep your love, you must forego their society.

Love, it is true, has a redeeming quality ; but to remain love it must avoid contagion,

and it can only redeem the sinner by strengthening him against his sin.

How beautiful is that old dramatic custom of flying to take sanctuary! it is founded on a simple inner truth. What sanctuary so safe as having Christ to fly to? To put Him first, to remember Him as Master, frees you from all other power. You have His strength, His invincible protection, and, remembering only Him, you are safe.

MARCH, 1904.

Of some strong personalities, strong in egotism and pride and in all passions, it might well be said they are like Satan going about seeking whom he may devour; or again, Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat.

It is from such personalities as these that your kingdom of heaven within suffereth violence, and you feel that there is some danger that the violent may take it by force.

But in such a case remember your strength lies in your weakness—the comparative weakness of your egotism, your arrogance, and your passions; your strength lies in your

weakness towards Christ, in your simplicity towards God, in your humility and resignation to His will. For to be weak towards God is to be strong against the Evil One.

MARCH, 1904.

How right are those platitudes reiterated by the clergy that the strength of a soul depends on the cultivation and nourishment that we afford it; that we must take the trouble to become rich towards God, to lay up treasure in the kingdom of heaven within.

For fasting and prayer and recollection are nothing at all in themselves, but only as means of the preservation and nourishment of the soul.

It is a commonplace that the neglected, unnourished soul dies out in middle or later life. 'From him that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath.'

MARCH, 1904.

Goodness really is a relation of the soul; it is, in fact, the relation of the soul to the Divine goodness.

Every man has his own individual ideal

goodness, and each man's goodness consists in his personal relation to his ideal.

Life is very often the history of an attempt to get near it—of its stumbles, its queer by-paths, its bog-lights and its delusions, its unutterable stupidities. For when the blind man tries to lead, instead of following Him who can see, he must continually fall into the ditch; and for one man who follows in all simplicity the light within there are fifty who try to walk by their bodily sight. It makes one long for the time when there shall be no light except that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

MARCH, 1904.

‘Eternal spirit of the chainless mind,  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart,  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind.’

What is this liberty for which saints and patriots have died, whose undaunted enthusiasm dungeons have not chilled, nor flames burned, but which has protected its devotees in the midst of fiery furnaces?

This liberty for which men have given their bodies to be burned, and their limbs to be tortured, is, then, the liberty of the soul. In other words, the liberty to do and to think such things as seemed to them to be rightful.

This liberty which a woman wittingly or unwittingly very often gives away on her marriage-day, which a servant does not possess in the house of his master, which many a man does not possess in the home of his wife, nor children with their parents, nor boys in their school, nor soldiers, nor sailors, nor Members of Parliament, nor members of a government, nor Prime Ministers, nor Kings and Queens, nor any man who has given up his right to think and do whatsoever seems from his individual point of view to be rightful in exchange for a day's wage, or for honour or glory or popularity. Can anyone, then, who plays any part at all in an organized civilization be said to be free ?

He only can be free who serves his God only, and follows Him wheresoever He may point out the way ; him only God makes free, him alone God keeps free. He gains

material freedom by the work of his hands, and spiritual freedom by fortifying his soul with Divine strength against other spiritual powers. For where God is the Lord, no lesser power can play the tyrant.

It is as impossible for a man to judge of another man's state of freedom as it is for him to measure his individual goodness. For one man's slavery may well mean liberty to another, and, indeed, in many conditions of legal or external slavery a man may possibly enjoy a full liberty.

How far, I wonder, is it reasonable or commendable to sacrifice everything to this passion?

For the love of liberty is a passion of the mind; it is, perhaps, a passion of the spiritual ego; it is to the soul what breath is to the body—it is the breath of life. Speaking of the soul, we might say to live is to be free, and to live without freedom in the soul is to be spiritually dead. What did these martyrs give up whose soul so grew within them by reason of opposition that they delighted in the death of the body? Who can tell, among all that they resigned, what things were most dear? To one, perhaps, that



life might have been most lovely where a cheerful home brought beauty, order, and peace, immunity from material cares, the companionship of children, charm and tenderness, the graces and frivolities of life—delight in beauty, the toys a woman delights to use and a man to honour, the easy gratification of taste, and the cultivation of the mind and heart.

Such an one might have had to give up the quiet open-air life, the sheltered woodland path, the wind-flowers under the hedge, the startling purple patch of the violet in the moss, the flocking primroses, the rhythm of the wind, the tufted spirea, the song of birds. Did they really give up all of these, all that is dear in life? did they exchange, in fact, the whole world of the freedom of the senses for that inner freedom of the soul—that freedom of the will was it?—which has the power of shining so terribly bright in dungeons? Was there never a case in which a little diplomacy might not serve, a little patience might not be employed? in which, for the heart serving its own God, might yet be found some happy mean of action, securing peace with honour, without

stooping to bow one's self in the House of Rimmon. If one can treat with reasonable beings and not with abstract passions in human form, on a basis of mutual freedom, surely everything might be done, and done always with a view to securing that freedom, that mutual forbearance, that mutual faith, that only is worthy of men. Certainly, the death of the body is preferable to the dishonour of the soul, and dishonour is only another name for the stain of a tyrant's finger-mark upon its pure liberty.

For where there is no tyrant all are free—the servant, the wife, the husband, the lover, the Member of Parliament, the minister, and the King and Queen! And tyranny is but forcing the will of the strong upon the weak, not allowing a right of freedom in every soul—in man, woman, and child. The right to freedom in the soul is but recognising the fact that the soul is God's kingdom—not man's—and that God must reign there. *He* must reign, or there is no government in consciousness; without Him all is anarchy. The passion of the moment, and all in turn may be the tyrants of that mob government; and to deny to

God the right to reign in our soul is to become the slave to avarice, it may be, or pride, or jealousy, until in turn each passion is spent, or another is roused.

MARCH, 1904.

A perfect hour this morning, in which I lay, my thick red cloak spread under me, on the damp, mossy earth beneath my Scotch fir, little birds flitting above me, exquisite trills of music shaken from tiny throats. I considered the tender gradations of their delicate notes—how the mass of the music, the full orchestra also, displayed the same delicate gradations, so that the harmony was almost impossibly soft, full, and sweet. It appeared to me that, like colour, the secret of harmony might also be learnt from the great artist Nature, and I wondered if Beethoven and Mozart had learned their effects by thus studying the method of Nature. It seemed to me there could be no beauty of sound more beautiful, and that it might be so used as to express every shade of emotion. I know nothing of music or musicians; I think I must have what is

called a pictorial mind, because if I have on me any strong mood or feeling, I instantly see some scene that has called, or is capable of calling, up such a feeling.

For instance, if in a positive and serious mood I sit down to a piano, I realize that a certain class of chords and melody is alone perfectly suited to me at the moment; accordingly, in my mind's eye, I see a venerable, stately church-tower, set squarely to the winds, a scene such as formerly had called up such a mood, and beginning with that, I see further and continuous scenes connected with it. The notes keep *tone* with my vision. Now, I suspect the true musician would translate his mood immediately into music without associating it at the same time with any pictorial representation. But for myself, a certain feeling always calls up a corresponding vision. The image may be one already seen, or suggested, in Nature, or it might equally be one automatically invented by the occasion. But, certainly, the subjective emotion always becomes an objective image, just as a child reads a story-book by looking at its illustrations. When one writes one only

has to describe both the vision and the feeling that has created it.

It is good to remember the trembling joy given to a child by certain picture-books. I remember two : one, a book of photographic prints, reproducing Raphael's sacred pictures (it was supposed to be a Sunday picture-book); the other, a complete edition of Longfellow's poems, beautifully illustrated by woodcuts. I remember most of the pictures quite well enough to draw them, but I could never reproduce the awe and admiration that through them thrilled my being.

How far did the elders with whom we lived realize the mystic waves of emotion that made up our atmosphere—the atmosphere of the dumb solitudes of childhood ? And is it not curious to realize that children, who live for ever on the emotional plane, have not the relief of grown-up persons ; they are not articulate. They suffer the strangest and wildest emotions in silence, not expecting in another any sympathetic knowledge of their mental state, nor ever dreaming themselves of expressing it.

MARCH 30 AND 31, 1904.

I do not suppose I ought to make common property, or to write for any other eye at all, except my own, the following fact :

It is one of those conclusions of moral experience which I have kept hidden away in certain secret note-books ; for I have a natural instinct to put down everything in writing. I have a series of hidden little books into which such conclusions are written. I made up my mind when I began writing here that I would write each day's reflections just as they occurred to me, for I was suffering from the want of an occasion to express myself, and this book, I thought, might prove a useful channel for the current that was getting oppressively strong. It is simply the desire for 'talk' that must possess one in a neighbourhood where its opportunity does not occur.

What I was going to say is this : All my life, in all my communications with other people, whether on the terms of intimate friendship or upon those of a more or less superficial nature, I have, without exception

or intermission, been conscious of some region within myself into which no one, not even my most sympathetic friend, would ever enter—an undiscovered country into which no traveller could penetrate; and, for all I know to the contrary, this sensation may be one of common experience. But for myself, I think I have now had some light thrown on the cause of it.

The sensation I speak of is as if the toad were conscious of the jewel in his forehead, and was equally conscious at the same time that he alone in all the world knew of it. He knows that no one else sees it, no one else thinks of it, and that if they occupy themselves with him at all, it is on account of quite another matter. Leaving the simile of the toad, I learnt from general experience that an intimate acquaintance would lead my friends to perceive something within me out of their reach, and beyond their intelligent comprehension, but of which existence they were, at any rate, conscious. Now, lately I have been reading a book that I have often thought of reading, and which I have only just ordered, on 'Differences of Religious Experiences,' by Professor William

James, the Harvard psychologist. It states at considerable length opinions and arguments which I have myself held and experienced for the last twelve years ; it has, therefore, interested me deeply. The part of the book that is *new* to me contains the scientific tabulation and description of the various kinds of nervous temperament, and greatly illuminates its subject : the theory of the high and the low threshold, in the description of the optimist and pessimist temperament, the one with its low threshold easily crossed, with a large, full consciousness of pain ; the other with its subconsciousness, filled to overflowing with images of joy and beauty. I cannot help being struck with the fact that I have always instinctively believed in the power and importance of subconsciousness, and that I had perseveringly worked at filling the mind of all dear to me and of myself with the philosophy of the beautiful, with its images, its method, and illustrations in conduct and art ; and here I am flattered to find an eminent scientific psychologist explaining the science of my practice. I have always felt the good and the beautiful must come



out of the whole being of man, and not out of a part, and that a child's nature must be fed and nourished with the beautiful and the true, his eyes kept turned towards the ultimate perfection.

In connection with this I may mention that I have been thrown much in contact with an individual whose consciousness seemed only capable of yielding the harsh fruits of ignorance, scepticism, pain, and despair. I have been intensely struck with the horrible barrenness of the soul, still active, still vividly alive, but alive only with a sort of galvanic life to pain, barren of beauty or blind to goodness, eaten up with a corroding egotism, quivering with all the basest passions. Instinctively I have worked, like a mole underground, to fill this mind with gentler images, to introduce to it other minds of a broader philosophic ideal, to endow it with the spirit of beauty, to give it perceptions and credences in beauty and truth.

The mind in question has responded wonderfully to the new joys and liberties of the soul, but, alas! it is cursed with an inheritance of melancholia, a hypochondria

in which the exquisitely sensitive nervous system is overthrown, flooded, and hidden under the foul waters of the Styx ; and yet here, I think, I see only too profoundly the hideous influence of *early* evil associations upon a mind too delicate, too excitable, to bear wholesomely association with the morally base and despicable. It has helped to stain and eclipse a temperament of rare susceptibility — susceptibility not only to pain, but to all that is delicate and rare. This, united with a violent need for self-expression, might surely have been turned to a glorious account ; now, alas ! it is a prey only to disease, unused and wasted.

The stimulus to such a mind as this, to a first impulse towards a reasonable aim ; to a development of soul, or to a method of expression, must, of course, come—can only come, I believe—from another soul more or less of a like temperament to itself, but furnished differently. Having received its impulse and help, its example, it must then make its own individual appeal to God, to the great spiritual force surrounding it ; for no man can fulfil another man's soul, nor be answerable to God for him !

This has been a long digression, but the great point of Professor James's book is on this very point of the development of sub-consciousness, and it is in connection with this that I want you to see the point of my illustration of the toad—namely, that I find, according to his tabulation, that my personal experience points to the possession of a certain sort of temperament capable of a rather highly developed subconsciousness, amounting to what he calls the temperament of mysticism, a nervous temperament that is subject, though at long intervals, to a species of personal revelations, to a sudden state of vivid consciousness, in which something absolutely unknown before is seen with the force of a revelation.

Love, art, and religion have in these states been startled into a vivid and equal wakefulness, so that it has been impossible to put one of these emotions before the other as the origin of the stimulus. In the result, perhaps, it was a sudden overwhelming consciousness of God, which contained in it both love of God and the method of art; the one, as it were, the spiritual impulse, the other the mode of expression.

The spark of this revelation has been struck both in the contact of soul-life with the individual, and in the united soul-life of a century. In a school of painting the strong life of the soul suddenly poured in from without and bore lasting fruit. I have thus learned, from the pain and the pleasure of after experience, that the one true way of life for me was through these revelations; that, in fact, a life consecrated to the spirit of art, of religion, is the life practically suited to me; that any turning to the left or to the right resulted only in disaster, in wreckage, in misery, and waste. When a current is sufficiently strong it gains the strength to oppose, perhaps by encountering opposition; but it is a question whether the strength and time spent in opposing might not have been more generously employed.

MARCH 3, 1904.

There is another side, too, to the question of subconsciousness, and that is the side of the phenomenon known as second sight. Twice in my life I have been the subject of this: once at the age of twelve, and once

again after I was grown up. On the last occasion I was in a high state of nervous tension about a friend whose condition and whereabouts filled me with anxiety. All at once in a single flash I saw him, so distinctly that I ran at once to speak to him, and spent a long time looking for him after his sudden and unaccountable disappearance. But it was his appearance that seemed to me unaccountable, when I learned that, though occupied exactly as I had seen him, he was many miles removed from me in the body at the time.

## ENDYMION III.

For Cynthia, high in Heaven, with the Gods,  
Dwells with eternal rapture on a kiss  
Immortal as Herself,  
Forgetting only Time. Endymion,  
Married for a moment,  
Knew always, afterwards, forsaken lips.  
Poor wretched mortal ! memories cannot cheat him ;  
His soul, he knows, is in the highest Heaven,  
And he is tied to earth and fruitless longing ;  
He cannot hope to climb the empyrean,  
Wingless, and wasted by human Passion ;  
He lives in bitter memories of that Radiance,  
And hides within the blackest depths of woodland  
The saddest, loveliest shade in all the shadows.

APRIL, 1904.

Does it appear true to many people, I wonder, that the end, aim, and object of our emotional experience, of our sensational biography, as it were, is that it may be ultimately translated into that realm of consciousness where the terms are those of the imagination? Is this the *raison d'être* of the sensational kingdom—that as the senses provide stimulus and food for the soul and the intellect, so the soul and the intellect provide in their turn stimulus and food for the spirit and for the imagination? Sensational experience, of course, gives also both objective and subjective lantern-slides of the human passions—things of which one has a first-hand knowledge, or none at all. No doubt, in the course of our studies, a stronger and more stalwart type of spiritual being may be evolved, and to some people, perhaps, this might seem their *raison d'être*. For the passions are of the nature of a revolutionary kingdom, and if we would govern revolutionaries we must look to our fortifications, and endeavour to increase the

strength of the governing machinery. We require to revise our political aims also, and to pursue a wise policy, if we would rescue our existence from threatened anarchy. We are, indeed (in a new acquaintance with such things), made conscious of the existence of a powerful kingdom within a kingdom, which, if we do not govern it, will govern us, or rather crush us. We must, therefore, in proportion to our responsibilities, strengthen our spiritual and intellectual resources, while starving, neglecting, and weakening where possible anarchical members. It is, perhaps, one of those occasions where by completely ignoring the rebels we cause them gradually to disappear. In the case of other individuals also attention to the governing power in them, and neglect of the lower orders, is a course that may be successfully pursued. In fact, a conscious and consistent administration of the policy which intuition has always suggested is the one which experience teaches me also to pursue. But there must be no wavering and no quarter given, no sympathetic amenities softening the hard face of the truth ; only the flag, and the faith, and the impossibility of defeat.



LINES WRITTEN IN OPPOSITION TO  
MILTON'S IDEA OF MAN'S HEAVEN.

I.

My own idea of Heaven would be to live  
With unencumbered soul, to leave the body,  
Sleeping, to rise on aerial wings,  
Drifting through waves of vaporous mysteries  
And peopled all with unaccustomed beauty,  
While here and there the form of some Divinity  
Would lean with bent head and compassionate arms,  
And beautiful eager hands, dropping from Heaven  
The rain of mercy on those broken hearts,  
Delirious and stained,  
Who have denied their God and call on Death.

APRIL, 1904.

Yes, that is an agreeable dream, to be removed beyond the plane where selfishness is possible, to be an Egeria, altogether out of its reach. To remain only there, where there is communion under the higher wisdom, and where by prayer an absolute help may be yielded in that spiritual region where there are no trammels of circumstance, where the kingdom of this world has been cast out by the kingdom of heaven. It would be merely consistent and logical, 'For if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, . . . but now is My kingdom not from hence.'

For as love is spiritual and sincere, so shall it escape the temporary impulse and the reproach of the insincerity of earthliness.

Twice I have known an instance where the spiritual affection was sacrificed for the sake of the earthly. Now let me see an instance where the most soft and enthralling entreaties of earth may be lost in the higher, clearer call, for in earth's many voices there is suffocation and death; life must be lived in a clearer air. A larger room is required for the life of the spirit.

LINES WRITTEN IN OPPOSITION TO  
MILTON'S IDEA OF MAN'S HEAVEN.

II.

Since the unbroken soul-life  
Then is Heaven, asleep to all  
The shocks and sounds of Earth,  
Awake to Beauty only, in those spheres  
Where harmony on harmony still weaves  
Her endless spiral courses,  
There the Soul lives, creating, dreaming, loving,  
Seeing all her visions as Realities ;  
And yet not lavish, breeding idle Fancies,  
As the teeming spring breeds weeds,  
But fervently adoring some great Scheme,  
Whereby the Vision of God shall take on  
Sensual form, and steal through human senses  
Revealed, yet unrevealed, a glory in Human Sorrow.

## APRIL.

How dreadful is the havoc caused by haste! Here was a most lovely morning—the first, as one is so fond of saying (forgetting the rest), of the soft side of spring. Here, in my wood, were all the spring flowers; all the greenery of the spring carpet; all the blue of the periwinkles; the yellow, moon-faced primroses; the purple of the sprinkled violets; the shy anemones; the heaven on earth of the veronica, cut in the shape of little stars; the dainty songsters, full of energy; and even in places an innumerable company of frogs. And yet here, was not I, having been in the first instance absent in the body, and, secondly, absent in the mind, having scurried like a rabbit over a delayed duty of cheques, and suffering severely under a terrific sense of the golden hours thus wasted, hours of golden sunshine, shamefully squandered thus, and thrown to the dogs of duty. How wicked it seemed! The first day, too, in which I had the house to myself after an influx of visitors. I vowed to myself, though that did not save

me from the sense of crime, that never in all my life will I waste, wantonly, wickedly throw away, such a day as this—not an hour of it!

Thus hurried by haste and remorse, the driven nerves refused to rest in contemplation. After twenty minutes for their recovery, and a bit of scribbling to concentrate the mind once more, it is I myself who look and listen and dream, and forget again that there can ever be an end to a summer day.

APRIL, 1904.

‘Why tempt ye me? . . . Whose is this image and superscription? . . . Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s.’

How simply this gives the answer to saint and mystic, who demand too anxiously that they shall no longer be God and man, no longer be God *in* man, but that they shall speedily, and at once, evolve into that angelic being that is God only!

‘But whose is this image and superscription?’ asks Christ, pointing with his

finger at our earthly affections. Here, in your human heart, is the image of a child: these eyes, this hair, this frame, these possessive ways, this expression, this manner—'Whose is this image and superscription?' Again, this manly form, this strength and suffering, this grace and strength and emotion, 'whose is this image and superscription?'

Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and give to human beings the pity, interest, and love which they arouse in you—it is their due. They created the feeling—give it back to them in full measure.

Then, how plainly also Christ speaks of marriage! 'The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage . . . for they are equal unto the angels.' And that the dead are raised is seen in the spiritually living bodies of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. 'He is not a God of the dead, but of the living.' And these patriarchs did not attempt to evolve an angelic body while they were upon earth; on the contrary, they were very much married in those days. So Christ

settled for ever the question of human affectional life. Yet these very passages have been much misinterpreted, although upon another occasion He also said: 'God in the beginning made them male and female, and for this cause a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife.' The hardness of heart that procured a divorcement from Moses must have, no doubt, been that hardness of heart that had previously led to a worldly marriage. No doubt it is the natural tie of human affection that Christ meant by the unbroken bond; and this real bond that God makes between human hearts man cannot put asunder, however much he may try to do so.

And in this sense again Christ gives to man that which bears man's image and superscription—'to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.'

How great a mistake it might appear, then, when a poet (using the word in a wide sense) or saint refuses a human heart to human needs on account of his *vocation*! Refusing earthly bonds, he gives, with Shelley, 'not what men call love,' but rather that devotion 'that Heaven rejects not—the worship the heart lifts *above*.' This would

not be much use after the first casual acquaintance. It is delightful as the poet's first impression, and better than an ordinary social appreciation. But I do not agree with Shelley and Mr. Henry James that the artist's vocation, or the saint's, orders him to stop there; on the contrary, I advise him to lose his life that he may find it, to risk himself in the common human struggle that he may be ever more, not less, himself. It is not really the highest—in fact, it is but a coward's vocation that forbids his experience of life to be more than the baseless fabric of its dreams. Byron was braver, though he put action and reflection respectively as the cart before the horse (though the simile of the cart is a very bad one to represent impulsive action); yet, though not less an egoist, he was not a spiritual prig: he was brave, and a man of action; he was not an egoist from a mere cowardly fear of wasting his precious talent, such as some of the modern saints in art would press upon us.

We have, perhaps, as some Greek philosophers have said, *two* souls. One we give to man, with our affections and our sym-



pathies; another we give to God, with our faith, our obedience, and our best, though unworthy, magnificat. We give thanks to Him for the great glory we can perceive, and we give Him adoration for that great glory which by our human imperfections we are unable to perceive.

We cannot, of course, really divide ourselves into water-tight compartments. We are always both flesh and spirit. We give all where we give either, and we give our adoration and our magnificat with our human love. For all that, we shall not deny the human image and superscription upon our heart any more than we shall deny that of our God upon the soul.

APRIL, 1904.

A man's mind ought not to be called 'creative,' but re-creative, because in it emotions raised by God's creatures are recast and re-moulded, perhaps by aid of other images, into an expression of these emotions. Man creates neither his emotions nor the object that stimulates them; he does not even create the illustrations he uses. He

merely arranges them in such a way as to express his, the man's, part in the transaction, the subjective part, which is the part he plays in the drama of life. He is, in fact, in the position of the dramatic critic at a play; he is played upon, and his criticism is, or ought to be, the net result of his impressions. For this reason it is the highly impressionable nature that is, after all, the artistic temperament that one hears so much about; everything, in fact, in art depends upon the subjective impressionability. If such a temperament should get case-hardened by the uses of the world, it ceases to be that of the artist; many an artistic nature has been lost to art when gained by the world. For this high sensitiveness so quickly adapts its possessor to circumstances that its talent may often be equally turned to any other account. One of the very best descriptions of such a temperament is to be found in Henry James's 'Roderick Hudson,' where this characteristic is specially illustrated in the hero. Roderick is made the victim of his temperament, though natures like his are more often a law to themselves, and somehow get people to recognise the fact;

and so find that special Providence that is responsible for genius, drunkards, and fools.

Talking of this, there is no doubt such a temperament occurs occasionally without securing to itself the safety-valve of artistic expression. Expression to it, therefore, means only the part it plays in actual experience, in the conduct of life; it is very hard for such persons—hard both on themselves and on their partners in experiences. In most cases a technical interest in any art or craft might have taken off the steam; without it, indeed, or some other impersonal mode of self-expression, it appears to me the boiler must burst and result in madness, or murder, or in sudden death. It is a question of cultivating life on another plane in order to relieve the pressure in the sphere of practical experience. The two planes should be made to balance, otherwise there is a possibility of overstrain on either side. Experience should feed the soul, and the soul should have time to weigh and measure experience, and then wrap it up in some decorative manner and hand it over the counter to the exchange and mart, to the dealer in or consumer of the things of the

spiritual world. And unless such a power is used by the intellect for some such impersonal end, it is, indeed, a dangerous possession both for the possessor and the community. It is as dynamite put into the hands of children or of the uneducated classes.

APRIL, 1904.

One ought to live with God, and fly to Him as one's Refuge, not because of the anodyne peace, but because God is really the centre of the human being, as He is the author and centre of the created world.

Because experimenting for yourself in life (without accepting the accepted prejudices) will only teach you, as it taught the Old Testament pessimists, that all is vanity—everything is light upon the weights, and lighter than vanity itself, except just this: that God is the centre of our being, and that He only is All in all. Nothing in the created world is absolutely necessary to us; but He is absolutely necessary, and without God there is simply no meaning at all in life. With Him there is meaning, for there is God in everything, and everything leads us to Him, both because we are conscious of His

presence and because, in itself, nothing else can satisfy us. It may be that our souls are of the nature of the eternal and not of the nature of the temporal, and what has eternal life only can satisfy us.

Too great sweetness and satisfaction in temporal things, in friends and circumstances, might lead us to forget this, might hide it from us ; we might go on sleeping and forget to put oil in our lamps, and be found helplessly groping in the dark when the bridegroom of our souls should appear. We should rejoice in our disappointments, then, as so many reminders of the high calling of our heavenly bliss ; for where our treasure is there will our heart be also, and too great treasure upon earth will enchain our hearts.

Ah ! if we could be strong and clear-headed enough consistently to lay up treasure in heaven—in the incorruptible eternal heavens, which shall hold the harvest of the intellect, the soul and spirit, whose seed is sown, grown and gathered by the Lord of that Harvest.

The one prayer that seems to me to be a daily prayer for ever new and for ever to be fulfilled is this one : ‘That we may do

unto Thee true and laudable service.' For nothing that we do for ourselves, for others, for ambition, for any other motive at all but the desire to serve God, to work for Him, is of any power really to help us and make us exert ourselves to do what in us lies. I do not say other motives—that of earning our daily bread, for instance—will not lead to industry and activity; of course it will, but it will lead to activity merely—not to the growth and expansion of our natural souls. We can perpetuate and expand to our real growth only by dedicating ourselves to the centre of our being—to God. What is done for Christ has eternal life in it, for 'I and My Father are One'; 'My Father works and I work.'

Nothing should have any value to us except as it furthers God's work; nothing merely personal to ourselves can really affect us. The more we simplify life to its great central truth, the more time and strength we get by concentration for the real work and meaning of life; in fact, by this concentration only can we get any good out of ourselves at all, either for ourselves or for others about us.

To fritter ourselves away on multifarious

calls and so-called duties, to put our central being at the mercy of anyone but God, is simply to waste ourselves to no purpose, or, rather, to let others waste us.

One of the most terrible and yet common states of consciousness is that of knowing ourselves to be thus laid waste, spiritually, intellectually ruined, as a town might be by fire and sword, merely by the reckless calls of others upon the time that should have been devoted to the centre of our being—‘Wist ye not that I must be about My Father’s business?’ How difficult it is to get this fact recognised—that we, too, should be allowed to busy ourselves *mostly* (I will not say *only*, though I should like to) about our ‘Father’s business’!

APRIL, 1904.

Hamlet is the most intellectually-minded of men, most amenable to the sweetness and light of reason. And yet the motive-power forming the intimate basis of his character (and this is where Shakespeare is so human, where the philosopher and great artist is ‘Nature’s child’) is the primitive human passion of love—love, whether it

be for parent, friend, or lover. Notice his melancholy 'is,' 'I know not *seems*, good mother'; his mourning is not in the trappings of woe, but in the bleeding of the heart. His love for his father tears his faith in his mother, and rends his love for her; so it is aggravated by her ingratitude and injustice to the character of his father.

His passion for Ophelia is so unaffectedly expressed both in his verse which he sends her and in the interview which she describes, when he takes her and holds her at the length of his arm, and peruses her countenance so pitifully and passionately, longing to find in her such greatness of soul as shall give the lie to his mother's illustration of womanhood.

Then that slow and awful acceptance of the fact of the frail delicacy of Ophelia's nature, however sweet and pure and fair her girlhood; yet, like his mother, she, too, was only a woman—and what were women? And what things did they make of men? Yet he who could bear every kind of suspicion and imputation from madness to ambition and disloyalty, yet could bear none on his love for Ophelia any more than he would bear imputation on his love for his father. He



springs into the grave and falls into a 'towering passion' at the suggestion that a brother, however much he loved, could love Ophelia as he, Hamlet, loved her. No; he never denies for a moment that the primitive passions are the keynotes of life, and yet—why have they this great importance to Hamlet while he is yet able to compare and place and govern them, always like a man who is their king and not their slave?

In modern literature, in order to give the same intensity to human passion, the subject of them would have to become their prey, their slave, their ruined theatre; and yet Hamlet can be their subject more than any other, and always see them and show them in their true relation to life. Why is this? For this simple reason—because Hamlet believed in God. His belief in God was the very core of his nature, so that all his passions could be at the same time so much 'thicker through' than those of a modern hero or heroine, and yet be kept within their proper limits. Heroes who do not believe in God necessarily move on the surface of things, for to them there is nothing else; there is no

other side, no spiritual depths beneath where 'the Divinity shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,' upon their surface. Hamlet's intense belief in this divinity peeps out on every occasion, in every utterance, in all his actions and inaction. It is true, his intense preoccupation with the great moralities, the great passions, have destroyed the power of surface things upon him; yet he sees them, and can strangely smile and sigh at his observation. The pitifulness of their destruction comes very bitterly home to him, and Ophelia's death breaks down all his philosophy, and he himself, for the moment, becomes not the wise adjudicator, not the patient sufferer, but he allows himself to be for once the mere child of passion. Yes, Hamlet was moved by his passions, by ambition and love and revenge, more than other men; but still, they did not touch the deep, ever-moving current of his faith in God and justice, and in the silent moral end of life.

APRIL, 1904.

The pessimist doesn't see God's bigness. He is horror-stricken with his own insig-

nificance, and he thinks himself a discoverer to have found that the world does not exist for himself. He is in despair at finding his personal interests have not been consulted more than another's. He is without the sense of proportion and equality and of brotherhood. He feels he ought to be first, and bitterly resents being nowhere; he is filled with a sense of ill-usage, because he cannot gull his intellect into believing that he is first, that he has been considered in the creation of the world. We must give him credit for his discoveries; he cannot see that the optimist has any other reason for his optimism than the delusion that he is first, and he pities the optimist as an intellectual baby.

But the optimist's joy consists chiefly in the fact that he has forgotten the ego in the all, himself in the universe; his interest and faith and joy are found in the power of his sympathies; he busies himself outside himself with thoughts of God and of God's creation. He lives in expansion—beyond, not in contraction within, his personal sphere. By means of his soul-life he gets within other souls, and sees things

from the inside, so that he views life from the point of view of the Creator, not of the looker-on. The view of the looker-on at life is a kill-joy affair, for it is the view of one who really sees nothing at all. Let the true optimist, with vitality in his soul, go to a concert, and he is swayed by the emotion that made the composer compose. If he sees a Velasquez, he feels the insight that made Velasquez. He doesn't scratch about on the surface of things, nor work his way to perception through miles of technique, whether it be in paint, in words, in wrinkles, in manner; he dives into the heart of it, and the rest follows. In a word, the optimist lives by faith and the pessimist by sight.

APRIL, 1904.

Then why, we may ask, are we not all Beethovens, Shakespeares, and Velasquez? Why, indeed! Because, when all's said and done, we are unprofitable servants; because we—some of us—hardly deserve the name of 'Praise-God Barebones.' How seldom do we rejoice with poor Barebones in all God's wonderful works! What makes us create? The desire to see our *feeling*

that has become our *thought* outside of us. It is pre-eminently a matter of sympathy; we want to sympathize with our soul outside of us, expressed in a clear image, and we want others to sympathize with it.

And let us honestly confess that, had we soul enough; the feeling, the thought, and the faith, we should show it in our works. The paltry fashion of our faith is in the paltriness of our works. Just as far as they go have we gone, no farther. Just far enough have our emotion and our faith carried us to enable us to paint that poor picture, to enable us to write that feeble verse, to help us to be that half-hearted 'good fellow.' Alas and alas! that with all the optimist's world to help us, we are still part of the audience, as it were; so little to show for it. There is something wrong with us somewhere, or we shouldn't go about with vague dreams only half dreamed; but we should dream truly and deeply, and do the things we have dreamed. For things to get themselves expressed must be well dreamed, well thought, and well expressed, and behold, they are alive for evermore! Ah! it is the poverty of our dreams that is at fault,

and the little time we give to them, the neglect, the forgetfulness, the delay we mete out to them, to the beautiful reality of the vision, that stands at the door of our souls—and knocks.

APRIL, 1904.

Sometimes we live with the vision, and are afraid to take our cast at the hazard ; we fear to tempt failure.

‘ But his desert is small  
Who fears to put it to the touch  
To win or lose it all.’

We think we know our weakness, and we dare not raise its devil and look it in the face ; we dare not confess boldly that we are nothing, we can do nothing. We still persist in thinking it is the farmer who grows the corn ; we forget he doesn't even make one grain of seed. He merely gathers it and casts it into the ground ; it is God that gives the increase. It is so, if he would only believe it, with all harvests. Men do not make the germ of thought or feeling, nor can they make it germinate ; they can but do their best to cultivate the ground ; they

can but receive or scatter the seed and allow it to germinate, and not impede its growth. They can only let it yield its crop and give God back His harvest. We can receive from some other soul the seed, sown broadcast ; for other souls are to us the sowers of the seed which came from God. We can receive it into a good ground, and may bring forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some not fifty, so that the austere Harvester may reap where He has not sown, and gather where He has not immediately strawed, but only by the hands of His creature. So much importance at least we may give to the sower of seed in the soul ; as the seed falls from the hands of the farmer, so our own seed may fall from the hand of our fellow man.

APRIL, 1904.

Unhappiness is said to arise from inharmonious relations between ourselves and our surroundings. The kingdom of heaven is from within, and if we are sure of the harmony of our intentions and will with the will of God, and yet we remain depressed and unhappy, we may be sure it is caused

by some outer circumstance, originally, perhaps, created by ourselves, which needs recreating, for we must recreate our circumstances as we spiritually recreate ourselves.

For instance, we live in intimate relations with certain other persons who have a right to our services ; we live in intimate relations with our own souls and with God, who have a right to our services ; we have also the necessities of our physical condition to consider, its exercise and recreation. All these must be so regulated as to acquire a proper share in our life, and the neglect of one will impair the content of all.

Then spring and autumn, winter and summer, will ordain a rearrangement of our habits of life, of distribution of time. We should take all the hours of daylight for our active life, and fall in with the seasons' habits and moods, of rest and darkness, activity and daylight, more than is the custom.

We need time to express the soul that God gives us. Four hours a day are not too much of it for His work. An hour of that will probably be spent in meditation—nay, the meditation is the most necessary part of our soul's growth, and therefore of



its work ; for if the work of our brain and hand is only the result of the soul-life, then everything depends on the vitality and strength and nourishment of the soul.

We suffer sometimes because we have only time for meditation, and the inspirations it suggests. Congestion for want of expression is the result, and the effect may be perceived either in stagnation and dullness, a general feeling of ineffectualness, or in overexcitement. We require something else besides the subjective state of being ; we require a practical life so arranged that we may conveniently and easily express it—to be in tune with the infinite, in fact, and to have the opportunity of playing the tune. Obstacles in the way of it will, as I said, cause nervous excitability to a painful degree, or the almost worse condition of deathly dullness and stagnation.

Intellectual and moral activity is just as much a necessity to active nervous temperaments as physical exercise. The want of it is either a purgatory or a hell. When the obstacle is clearly outside of us, and of a temporary kind, it is purgatory ; when it is one of our own creating, and therefore, per-

haps, undiscoverable by us, then it is hell. For the want of knowledge allows us to cheat ourselves with no hope of release; but with the discovery of a cause comes its speedy removal, and hope once more is born within the human breast.

APRIL, 1904.

The harvest of our souls, it seems, depends not only on our own harvest and its yield to God, but also on the seed-time and harvest of other souls, of those who live with us, and of those who come after us. Shall *we* leave no seed behind us to be gathered into barns and be sown afresh? Have we desired to sow a single seed in a single soul?

It seems to me that I dimly apprehend the desire that has been felt to sow the seed in other souls, a desire that has been so great in those who have felt it that it has vanquished all other trivial fond records, and has washed away all the lesser joys of life, and has led many a time to a joyful martyrdom and crucifixion. A man cannot point this desire more fully than by giving his life for it, desiring it even to the death upon the cross.

To care so much for sowing seed in souls that He 'became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.'

'This is My body, which is given for you ; this is My blood, which is shed for you. Drink ye all of this.' How gladly He gave His body for the bread of life, His blood for the new testament of His sincerity ! O Christ, Thou didst indeed ratify the faith in Thy soul, and give us good security. 'Our bonds in Thee' are *not* determinate. A man cannot give more than his life with his word. Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed.

APRIL, 1904.

If one read Spenser or Milton, one is transported at once into the empyrean—at least, if empyrean means, as I suppose it does, a region of blessedness, an atmosphere where beauty and calm reign undisturbed ; and yet, if one analyzes their subjects, their descriptions, one finds that this blessedness consists, entirely in their point of view, the position which in their minds they assume and maintain.

We may, if we choose, any fine May morning perceive and recount aspects that

Milton and Spenser recounted — the same skies, the same songs of birds, the same flowery meads, the same budding trees, the same perfection in our surroundings, intensified for us, with the natural thrill of actual experience. Yet how seldom we appraise the fact that we live in an earthly paradise, where Nature is so tenderly beautiful, and where she waits so quietly to be admired, or, rather, where she is so happy to exist to God and herself without bothering about our adjectives. It ought to make us very humble to see how little notice she takes of us, or, rather, that she takes none at all; and we are quite at liberty to shut ourselves up in our dark rooms with our sick fancies, while she unconcernedly and sweetly opens her frail new leaves and petals, shaking them daintily out into the spring air, making an unimaginable delicacy of her aerial attire, which we need not remark if it should not occur to us.

To Nature only it is enough, 'the joy of going on and still to be.' She is serenely indifferent to us.

APRIL, 1904.

Another thing Nature might teach to us worldings who care for popularity is how, after all, it is the unintentional that pleases (not only the spontaneous, for the spontaneous is sometimes highly intentional); but the unconscious, the unselfishly conscious, the single absorption in being. We find it never, almost, in a human being, not always, certainly, in children. Children are sometimes more self-conscious, more anxious to please, than many grown-up people, who may have recovered from their first raw sensitiveness. A sensitive child is prone to think its happiness depends on the approbation of others; a sensible mature person knows it depends on his opinion of himself. But this happy indifference to the opinion of others is not always easily purchased; the world sometimes drives a hard bargain, and takes far more than it gives, and it will take all, if we will let it, and then you will find nothing left for yourself. Live, if not for yourself, yet, at any rate, live *yourself*, as Nature does; be yourself, live and move and have your being without any thought of

opinion, or fame, or fashion ; respect yourself, at any rate, and let others respect you or not as they like. It is your own respect you want, it is that you cannot live without ; anything else is of no consequence at all. Let those who have not their own, who have not earned a right to it, bargain for that of others ; it is all they can hope for, and they may get plenty of its superficial show, and that is all they can expect ; for it is as a sham they know themselves, and it is for shams they bargain.

APRIL, 1904.

Has anyone ever thought of observing that the people who can live, like Milton and Spenser, in this serene, mental, and spiritual Paradise, are just the people (of course, because they lose so much in losing it) who are thrown into the most violent disruption by outer disturbances ? Milton was subject to frenzies of passion ; so are all poets, and all poetic, imaginative persons, even all actively religious-minded persons. The power and strength of the stream of contemplative thought is so infinitely greater in them than in ordinary people who have

no such fulness of consciousness, and if you obstruct or divert a great deep stream, it makes more of a cataract than a shallow, sluggish one. The very capacity and power, or possibility, of a supreme serenity is the power also, if obstructed, that forms the foaming torrent.

APRIL, 1904.

But we do not live in a world where we can live all soul, following steadily, uninterruptedly, on from infinite to infinite.

We are continually stopped by circumstance, suffocated or delayed, or impoverished and tintured with earth in our narrow channel. We can seldom give to God that which is God's, untainted by the mud through which it has flowed—nay, our heavenly love is mixed with the earthly in undue proportions, and is often diverted from its course altogether.

APRIL, 1904.

One of the special points of Christianity (which is less to be remarked in these so-called civilized days) is, that in a world of turbulence and violence, and of force

opposed against force, it remained a religion of meekness, of quietness, inwardness, of non-resistance, of the cultivation of soul and of spiritual power, of spiritual forces only.

Of simplicity opposed to worldiness; of sincerity to diplomacy; of faith to hypocrisy; of shame to popularity; of truth inside and out to falseness of any kind; of strength in the inner man as opposed to all outer defences and armour; of the courage that comes of the absolute immunity of the soul, whose refuge is in its God, and whose God is the creator and preserver of all mankind, its special note is: 'I will not fear what man can do unto me.' Its qualities are all those of the consciousness or of the subconsciousness, never those of the physical life. It is the triumph of mind over matter, the dominion and power of the soul. The spiritual world is the world of the First Cause, it is the kingdom of the King; the rest is but the material, the opportunity, the occasion for the display of His will.

It is one thing to know all this. It is another to realize it as Christ taught His disciples to realize it.



APRIL, 1904.

It is not very generally realized, I think, how entirely a Christian life is, first of all and above all, a life of the cultivation of the inner in contradiction to that of the outer man.

To put consciousness always first, to take care of consciousness, as it were, and to say the actions will take care of themselves; and to people of an active and full consciousness no happiness is possible unless his life—the inner life—is put always first; it must have the first consideration under any circumstances. There are people for whom, whether they are at the moment concerned with love, intellect, or art, or public life, all within must be at unity with itself, and that unity must be able to make its own atmosphere without. Life on any other terms is for them an impossibility, the consciousness must carve for itself such a niche in circumstance that this unity which has been achieved within may find unobstructed freedom of expression without.

So long as any outer circumstance stops or obstructs the inner life, then all is chaos,

turbulence, unrest, disease in mind, body, soul, and spirit. Get unity within, then, and then let that unity rule without. Do not give place to the prince of this world, to any so-called necessity of existence ; all may be, all must be, governed by the inner necessities. Let nothing outside of that even for a moment be called a necessity ; it is not a necessity to the full active consciousness ; nothing that is not created by that, wanted by that, is necessary.

For otherwise, it is as if you said, 'God can go ; the world will be left,' instead of 'The world may go ; God will be left.' And, indeed, it may go ; it will then only be found that the inner man is freed from impediments, and is free to live a happy life.

MAY, 1904.

God may be, after all, more interested in the *motive* part of us than in any other part ; in *why* we do things, more than in what we do. And then, a man must cut his coat according to his cloth ; and if by chance some selfish or careless person has made a rent in the man's cloth, yet he will not be

able to get himself a fresh piece. He must still cut his coat out of it, rent or no rent.

So that while to many an action or deed a crude name might be given, yet under the existing circumstances it may have been perhaps the best solution of a difficulty.

There are people who are, as I have heard it poorly described, all impulse; whose lives are created solely by their own temperaments—that is to say, by the whole consciousness, not of a part only (whether the part be the head, or the heart, or the conscience), but by the whole human being in its then state of development. To such persons how important it is that the aim should be one that can not only govern—*completely govern*—but *occupy* the whole of consciousness. There is only one Being that can fulfil the whole of consciousness, and only one aim; that Being is God, that aim is the one of pleasing God.

And what an aim for a lifetime that of serving God. What might it not include? What does it exclude?

To people of a wide temperament all the motives appeal in turn—ambition, love, power, they all make a certain appeal, and

meet with a certain response. All lives, in fact, are possible to the person of intellectual ability, but all are not after the hidden man in the heart. Each may, according to circumstance, get a short or a long hold on him; each may make a shallow or a deep bite. But each of these aims, in so far as it engrosses, also narrows the nature. The love of God only, while it exercises the entire human being, also develops it, calls all the faculties into play, and governs all of them, metes out equal justice to human relationship and to Divine ends.

It cures also every external claim, every egoistic claim to be the all in all.

For each claim, as it is made, is made as the be-all and end-all of existence, whether it be of ambition, love, or power (if it was not so we should not listen to it). But the love of God 'cures all the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.' It prevents the pain that may accrue to us through our human relationships from overcoming us. The hurt is not so great to those who have God as a refuge; rather do the pain and the difficulties drive us to our more secure refuge. And if those we

love should leave us, they do but free us from the possibilities of further pain. They cannot rob us of one of the worthy pangs of love, nor can they injure our faith even in the Beloved who injures us; they do but send us back to a more single-hearted friendship with God. And who would not give up the friendship of man for the hope of the high calling of being a friend of God? Can that be called a solitude? Rather is it the loveliest aim, the un-hoped-for joy, the seal of blessedness, the vision of a perfectly-fulfilled life.

The perfectly-fulfilled life is to kiss the feet of God, to adore His Majesty, to feel His feet treading the mere self into fine dust, till all can be winnowed away and scattered in the purer air.

What a glorious vision—annihilation in God! Nothing at all left of the self but the pure Being of God, the rest—nothingness. That, I suppose, may correspond in some measure to the Buddhist idea. Well, it is but the natural outcome of a life resolved into a sole desire to serve God, to efface all merely human passions, to efface the ego, to have only the pure 'I am' left in you, to

be no longer drawn into futile competitions and struggles of man with man.

To have the eyes fixed only and always on the Great Creator, in whose hands lie everything both great and small.

The small prizes of life have always seemed to me very small; only the greatest have ever attracted me. But now even the greatest have long ceased to exist. There is nothing left with any power of satisfaction in it; only the desire—scarcely the hope—of pleasing God remains.

Strange it is that one must always seek to unite one's self with some power of sympathy beyond one's self.

One must reach beyond, and thus seek for the fullest and highest, if one does not rest well and sleep well in the arms of humanity.

MAY, 1904.

I wonder if to be adored by fashion or fame ever gave anyone satisfaction. I don't fancy it ever has. Because to have reached that pinnacle would always mean that the individual who had been able to do it had

within himself a higher standard, a higher aim, a better judgment than all those who adored him ; and for himself he must in secret bow only before a higher tribunal, and therefore find his real satisfaction only in satisfying that. Yes, sympathy is pleasant, appreciation is inspiring ; but to weak natures it might do more harm than good. Criticism might be more useful. Perhaps the best way of putting it would be to say, criticism to be useful can only come from the very few ; appreciation to be useful should come from the very many. If uneducated and genuine people and children cannot feel the divinity that doth hedge in the Divine, then your work is of little value. But only those of like parts with ourselves can criticise us. Yes, love and appreciation from all that love us and because we love them can be a great help, but mutual love will turn neither them nor us into useful critics.

MAY, 1904.

Scepticism is always taken as meaning intellectual or religious scepticism, and the ordinary sceptic is a temperamental sceptic

and pessimist. But some people start in life with a moral scepticism which may perfectly accompany a temperamental optimism and the instinct of faith which naturally seems to accompany optimism.

The moral sceptic takes nothing for granted in the moral world ; no moral platitude nor set of truisms suffices for him. He is an experimentalist. He learns only by the life-long method of experience, and there is something in the countenance of these moral adventurers that leads us to recognise them at once—a sort of 'Bohemianism' of expression as of one who wanders in untrodden ways in the wilderness, and may do so very likely for forty years ; for many others besides the children of Israel, who take none but the inner light to be their guide, have taken as long before coming to the promised land. Indeed, I believe experience is not justified of her children before that age. He must adventure to the extent of his natural abilities in the world of moralities, in all the experience of consciousness, its emotions, its passions, its efforts and aims. For, as a moral agnostic, if he is to change agnosticism for a positive creed, he must put himself in the way of



experience. And, oddly enough, sympathy and object-lessons from other lives are little or no good to him, or good only as incentives to effort.

The moral agnostic must learn his hard lessons by himself, by opposition and difficulties. Theories will not harden into character in a rose-leaf or feather-bed existence, and the moral agnostic has no ready-made character. If he has one at all, it is one he has made for himself. He has to begin with only the possibilities that may or may not harden up, and there will be no hardening process, no firm hold on the realities, unless he descends into the arena, taking the moral life in his hand. Then he will find out what is vital and what is merely artificial. Then the truth of the old truisms that he might have accepted without a battle will be tried in the fire; he will find out what he lives for, what he lives by, and what can help him to a reasonable life.

MAY, 1904.

No question affecting human existence should be approached by means of abstract ideas, such as pure justice, or any of the

abstract ideals of perfection that exist only in the mind. Questions affecting human nature should be approached by human nature. A man is not a simple abstraction of justice, or purity, or righteousness, or truth; he is a human being, made up of all the qualities of humanity. In fact, left to itself, given the reins of government, these abstract ideas are responsible for all the one-sided manias and fanatic mistakes of peoples, sects, individuals, and governments. Liberty, fraternity, equality, any dogma, authority, truth, justice, religious ideas of all sorts, have respectively, at times, been responsible for every form of cruelty, tyranny, outrage upon our human nature.

Human nature does not exist for the mere pleasure of immolation upon the altar of abstract ideas. Human nature is more comprehensive, is greater than any one idea that a man or woman, government or sect, may entertain at any given moment, or that he may choose to express in any given form. Ideas exist for man, not man for an idea. The Sabbath and all other institutions such as marriage were made for man, not man for

marriage or the Sabbath, and who knows whether our idea of God, or the ideal towards which we strive, has reached God's ideal for us ?

We must have still greater humility, and know that God who made us is wiser than we, and that we shall in time learn more of His will and His meaning, if we do our best to follow His will in our lives.

If we are busying ourselves about our Father's business, it may perhaps clash with our own ideal and with that of those about us, but perseverance and humble effort must lead us unto a more serene knowledge of human nature and of God's will working therein.

MAY 19, 1904.

Aristotle and Milton would not quite agree as to a definition of man's happiness, or, rather, Milton would probably agree to Aristotle's definition that happiness for a man consists in the activity of the soul, but Milton's description of such activity is strangely inadequate: he satisfies himself with describing only material activities, and

not the activities of the soul at all. Adam and Eve do not live the life of the soul, but a very simple and contented animal life, such as would have contented only mere children as far as the intellectual or moral consciousness is concerned.

It would have been interesting had Milton imagined and described a perfected soul life, either in Adam and Eve or in the angels. I think he makes Satan alone display any intellectual activity, so that he does not show us the active soul life dominated by God, but only by evil. It would have been fascinating to describe the creative soul in unimpeded full career of serving God, its aptitudes and occupations, and all the never-ending works of its hands, stamped with the hall-mark of eternity.

But we may follow such a life for ourselves in its chequered, earthly habitations, in Milton himself, in Michael Angelo, and our other creative geniuses, and more than ever when accepting such a definition of man and his happiness do we realize the absolute necessity that such activity of the soul should have as its one end the serving God; for if it is not under the control of

God, it is but swayed by every breath of the passionate and easily disturbed self; then that activity means nothing but evil, madness, misery, first to the self and, secondly, through that to all around us.

## I.

Thou art dead to me, and yet thou art not dead.  
Betwixt us thou hast set a deep black gulf,  
And thou mayst never more cross o'er to me,  
Nor I pass hence to thee.  
For in these depths what fearful things may stir !  
Here madness lurks, and tyranny, and wrong ;  
An evil eye, a bitter tongue, Betrayals,  
Even that kiss that Judas gave his Master ;  
False Hope, false Faith, false Pride, and blind con-  
tempt  
That desecrates all spiritual things,  
And tramples when it cannot emulate ;  
And crucified Love, Love cursed, and nailed  
By his own Thorns to the degrading Tree,  
Mocked and devoted to a living Death,  
He shares his immortality with Pain.  
Charity folds her wings on this dread brink ;  
She steals away, condemned to helplessness.  
Here Love's afraid to see how Love's abhorred ;  
Here Faith is hurt with memories ;  
Forgiveness here, with outstretched arms, invites

Humiliation by humility ;  
Here Pity is but nourishment for Pride,  
And feeds but vanity ; here shame is courted,  
And Reverence and knowledge are despised.  
And this because a man had said :  
'Thou hast none other Gods but Me ;'  
There is no other God in all the Heavens,  
Behind the tenderest blue that ever smiled  
To Earth, there is no God.  
In all the distant hills there is no God,  
Nor in their silences, nor majesty,  
And in Earth's mystic colouring there is no God,  
Even when the sunset hour bewitches nature.  
In little children too, there is no God—  
In their unquestioning Faith, their absolute Love,  
Their innocence and weakness,  
In little children then, there is no God ;  
In the Heart of man there is no God—  
In his response to Beauty, gentleness or grief,  
Succouring the distressed, helping the helpless ;  
In seeing God there is no God.  
Under these base denials, these passions,  
Betrayals of things good and beautiful,  
Under this hateful leprous gulf,  
Full of detested cruelties and wrongs,  
There yet is God, there's still a star in nature !  
And when the storm of passion has subsided,  
When the whirlwind and the hurricane have ceased,

There's the clear light, the still small voice again,  
The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence,  
And the violent take it by force ;  
But when the storm is passed, its quiet home  
In the spirit of man abideth.



**MAY, 1904.**

Darwin discovered that life was a struggle, the fit against the unfit, or, rather, to put it philosophically, the type that was to survive evolved itself gradually by a continuous struggle against circumstance.

So that the circumstance cannot be looked upon as an evil, because in the event the circumstance is responsible for all the qualities that survive. For the beauty, the strength, the ability, these were evolved by the necessity to escape extinction.

In the human world, both material and moral, we may follow out the same conclusion—to struggle is to live. One might die for want of opposition.

**MAY, 1904.**

Are there not two different sets of human beings? Those who are satisfied to conjugate the more or less passive verbs of to have and to be, and those who, whether they conjugate these verbs or not, are not satisfied unless they also conjugate the active verb to do. These two sorts of persons may be met

with in every class and calling in life. Professional experts by no means monopolize a creative activity, and a wider acquaintance among other classes would show them their mistake in supposing this.

The creative temperament is not a matter of professional training, but of nature, and the necessity of earning a living has nothing to do with it, though this is often the be-all and end-all of the professionally trained.

Those who are destined to be only themselves, and to express only themselves, are found in every class, but they are exceptional in any class. Whatever recognition they may attain, they at any rate attain this, of being exceptional. They live their own lives whether they will or no; whether *we* will or no, we cannot prevent them. Individuality will out, whether it is contained in the personality of a Vere de Vere or of Brown and Jones, or in that of the village cobbler. But, then, the gently born and gently bred, the gentle mind, may also appear in any class of persons. Who has not perceived the refined, ethereal mind in the face of a cottager, or the fine lady *malade imaginaire* making her own atmosphere as

a labourer's wife? Brutality, vanity, and snobbishness are only too common among the Vere de Veres. At the same time heredity, birth, and breeding play in each case their accustomed parts, and gentle parentage and up-bringing, whether in castle or farm or cottage, produce their wonted results. Christianity, of course, in every case, is capable of producing the perfect knight or lady in any class of society. Indeed, every person born into any society, unless very happily born indeed, is in need of cultivating within his own personality the very perfect, gentle Knight who is the Saviour of the world, and not only of the world, but also of the ill-born.

MAY, 1904.

The argument of 'Paradise Lost' takes place in every human soul.

The first disobedience to the prompting of the soul's light, the consequent loss of the paradise within, the murky wandering in befogged ways, for without the light of the soul there is no guidance. It is not only that the want of a guiding voice or of inspiration is felt, but the actual disobedience has

placed the soul in a set of unfamiliar and unsuitable circumstances. The disobedience is an actual stepping out of a suitable into an unsuitable atmosphere and surrounding.

These unsympathetic circumstances are the soul's punishment ; thus does disobedience bring its own punishment, and its Dead Sea fruit is as dust and ashes in the mouth.

We have chosen to be guided by the apparent satisfaction of the outer man, instead of by the real satisfaction of the inner spirit, and we shall continue snatching at and tasting all that appeals to us in the outer world until the very day we discover its worthlessness to our real self, its inability to develop and help and feed the soul. We set ourselves this weary task—to learn everything at first hand ; we prefer experience to obedience ; we will not listen to God's voice, nor take His word, so we suffer and learn till we know something of the truth of the great truths.

The first, that man does not live by bread alone—we learn that in the dull agony of our unfed souls. The second, that the true end of man, his happiness, his development, the

employment of all his faculties, is this: 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' And the children of disobedience have set themselves not to take this upon trust, but to prove it in their lives, to learn it by their mistakes and by their happier discoveries. For the happy inspiration does come; it raises its head like a beautiful flower out of all the changes and chances of this mortal life.

We do ultimately learn; we do grow, we do develop. We must thank God for this—that He has been true to us, while we have been false to ourselves. One other thing we have also to learn: we need no obedience to outside things; that obedience is false. We need take no set of ten or a dozen commandments, no Church, even though all truth be enclosed within it. But we need obedience to our highest selves; when the soul speaks with no uncertain voice (and the soul's voice is not a wavering voice), then its command and its prohibition are perfectly clear. We need strength to follow as well as to see. If we take the voice of the soul as our guide, take it in spite of all temporalities, of all worldly benefit—the spirit within against the

material world without. It may come to us in the form of the soul opposing itself to temporalities, or, again, as the spirit opposing the flesh. If our soul is mixed with ambition and vanity, and wishes for success, it is weakened in its struggle against material things; if our soul is tied by the sensual affections and passions and by vanity, it is weakened in its fight against the flesh. In both cases we ourselves entertain traitors within the camp; the way out of our difficulty is to so strengthen and purify our souls from the world by the single desire to serve God—our spirit against the flesh, by communion with God—that by strength of our inner selves we may win through.

## SONNET.

Thou that didst fight with all the good in me,  
For that it seemed too high for thy desert,  
Who all fair thoughts, high aims, didst strive to  
hurt,  
And bend them lower to thine own degree ;  
Who loyal duties ever didst prevent,  
Scorning all gentle actions, gently done.  
To kill parental love thou didst not shun,  
Nor child's nor mother's love made thee relent ;  
For innocence and weakness were to thee  
A fresh ingenious source of cruel wrong.  
To reverence nothing was thy sceptic's Faith,  
But still to turn again and rend even me,  
Who have forborne and borne thee for so long,  
Persevering even when the end seemed Death.

MAY, 1904.

To love is to share in the nature of God, but love is ever contaminated by the earthly vessel that contains it, the earthly vessel that has still the weakness of sensuality and the cruelty of selfishness and of ambition. Love in any personality can only be realized in its very nature in the same degree as goodness is realized. Wherever there is love there is God, and faith in man is faith in God, as work for man is work for God ; so that we can only realize love in ourselves if we are a good man or woman—if, that is, we have broken through the shell of our egoism, and can fully realize the huge importance of other souls besides our own, if we can put the welfare of other souls before even our own souls or our own bodies. There are men who do not recognise that it is the soul of another that matters, not the material welfare. But you will find that a man who seeks to destroy the soul of another will not shrink from injuring its material welfare, though it may



well be that to destroy the soul he might shrink from murder; he will probably shrink from nothing else, neither from slander, blackmail, nor any form of bullying. For if he is prepared to destroy a soul because it is become an obstacle to his passion, he must needs descend to every form of cruelty and brutality; and to an absolute selfish, determined passion bodily weakness will not appeal. He is not so blind as not to perceive that it is against principalities and against powers of the spiritual order that he is warring; the bodily failings have nothing to say to the high determination of the spirit. It is the spirit he wishes to kill. What a horrible thing is the passion of love in the complete egoist!—a love that claims for its own, for its personal possession and satisfaction, a soul as free as itself, which sets out intent on the basest form of slavery, for the word 'soul' and the word 'free' are indissolubly married. But the egoist does not stop to inquire whether the soul he claims for his own has not already an allegiance, a life vowed to God. If he perceives this fact, he only sets himself to tear it from God's grasp. Does he really

believe any other soul in the whole world was made only for his pleasure, and not for its private end in God? Will he stop and ask whether it possesses a life higher than the one of mere sensation, whether it has not a spiritual life in which he is unable to participate? He, with his life of sensation, of passion, or of mercenary intellect, is ignorant even of the aims of that other soul, as he is incapable of appreciating the means by which it expresses itself, yet he does not stop in this arrogant and impossible claim. He puts forth all his strength to destroy these things; he stops at nothing, and nothing will stop him—no reverence, no pity, no respect; and having failed to get all he wants, he takes his revenge. He aims his blows still at the life, both in this world and the next, of the object of his miserable passion—one might rather say of his hideous contempt; for what is this 'grande passion' but the most hateful form of undying contempt or scepticism—the contempt that can believe nothing too good for its own passion, the scepticism that entirely refuses to believe in the right of allegiance to God? God said,

'Thou shalt have none other Gods but Me.'

But the egoist says in his heart, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but *me*.'

MAY, 1904.

Apart from the question of passion—mere selfish passion—it may be an interesting question how far, to what extent, one soul should enslave another. Of two personalities, one will be higher, fuller, deeper than the other—bigger, in fact, with more vitality in body, soul, and spirit, just as one man or woman will be bigger than another. When these two unequal personalities are united, in a case where disunion cannot be contemplated, the superior must lead. On all points where they are united this must occur. There will be many points where each may go his own way and do his own duties. In cases where two personalities match in force, but are unequal in vision, where the strength is equal, but the power of comparison, or organization and perception (above all, of perception), is wanting in one of them, then the one must recognise

the superior qualities of the other—must submit to be led, rather than to lead; to be guided, not to try and guide. If he will not do so, the inevitable separation comes, for union in such a case means degradation to the soul of the other. It might, it appears, have meant help and development to both; on the one side human sympathy, on the other a better spiritual culture. But to the superior soul the loss is much less than the gain, for freedom will mean that the drag, the chain, the anchor in the mind, is gone for ever.

MAY, 1904.

The difference between impressionist painting and imaginative painting is the difference between the impulse and the meditation.

To paint air is not to paint an impression; on the contrary, the impulsive impression gives way to an intellectual concept, the search for a more removed fact. The impressionist *feels* colour; it may even intoxicate him; it may affect him so much that he both feels and paints it dispropor-

tionately; but the intellectual man *knows* the fact of the atmospheric conditions, and restrains and guides his impression by his knowledge. The impressionist, when painting from nature, paints the moment's impulse, the momentary inspiration; he seizes it from his subject—*i.e.*, from the object that has impressed him. The impressionist, painting from memory, does the same; but naturally he paints only the broad general impression that he recalls, or the detail is supplied by knowledge if it is not omitted intentionally. Here it is that the brain-work may come in, and give what would be lacking, if the colour-sense alone supplies the memory picture.

Drawing, of course, can always be worked out as a mathematical problem—it must be *known* and understood, but colour must be felt. It is curious how all the human faculties may be used in painting. The moral concept—say purity—the sensuous passion of pleasure—say colour—the intellectual concept—say line and perspective—where these are all employed the picture should be fine, if the faculties, attention, and industry are adequate.

In decorative painting you choose decorative line and arrangement of colour satisfying to the sense of beauty. The detail of colour depends on the keynote set by the first colour used. You thus set, whether intentionally or not, the keynote, and the rest of the detail must be in tone with it. In painting from nature, nature herself gives the keynote ; in painting from memory, you give it yourself. See, then, that you always in either case seize the keynote first, and let the rest follow in its order. The colour you feel most and care most about is your keynote ; take care of the colour you love, and the colours you ignore will take care of themselves—at any rate, they must be made to do it.

In decorative painting the small variations of detail and of colour are ignored, the broad relations of tone only kept. The effect need not necessarily be flat. If the relations are true, it should, on the contrary, be full of aerial perspective ; if it is not so, then your colours are themselves wrong. Search, then, after proportional flat tones. They are flat only in the sense of being self-coloured (unspotted by detail). They are

not flat, in that they must give, if true in tone, absolutely reliable aerial perspective.

In flesh tints, it is very interesting to get the right tint of unbroken colour, the right amount of light and shade to be observed. Here again, of course, it is a question of proportion, and very nice proportion, in the varying importance of detail, the depths of various reliefs and planes. Having seized the prevailing tone, the detail becomes entirely a matter of singularly intellectual drawing—intellectual because it becomes, in decorative work, a matter not of the senses, but of the intellect; not of sight, of copying truthfully and intelligently, but of knowledge; and of a very thoughtful and precise form of knowledge, having regard to such delicate small spaces and planes as the convexity of the oval of the face and head, the depth and shape of the socket of the eye, the precise prominence of the nose, its nostril, the inner curve of the lips and their corners, the depressions of the chin and its prominence, the recession of the ear, and the same of its detail (nearly always over-emphasized), the thickness and thinness of every feature—in fact, the whole

substantialness of the face, the prominence and retiring portions of the neck. If a hand, then the slightness and delicacy and substance of the hand, its general tone, weight, and nature, its flexibility, its firmness, its character. Thought and knowledge and observation ought to supply all that is wanted to compose and paint a picture if the colour impression is sufficiently strong; but it may be repeated that in decorative painting it is not complication of detail that is desired, but rigid adherence to the general effect and the due relation of any detail.

MAY, 1904.

In the art of painting you may have the moral concept, the sensuous passion, the intellectual rendering. And you may get it all into everything you paint. Sargent gets all and Velasquez gets all—sympathy with character, joy in colour, commanding intellect in the drawing and rendering of the whole, especially the perspective. (And in this word is to be found the whole meaning of the phrase ‘good drawing.’) If the



painter possesses these faculties, the value of the result will depend on the power of concentration ; for in their concentration is their strength, and it is concentration that gives value, dignity, and the power of feeling. Thus, the power of control, of singleness of purpose, of intention, of the determinative faculty in the painter, is of the first importance ; concentration of sight, of memory, of industry—first and last, concentration : in the first instance, involuntary concentration of the impressionable faculty ; in the second, voluntary concentration of the intellectual faculties.

MAY, 1904.

‘What is truth ?’ said questioning Pilate. These words have had for many people a deep and profound meaning. For myself they have meant absolutely nothing. But at this moment I see some sense in the remark, whether it was uttered as a question or an exclamation. What is truth ? Is it on the outside of things, in the dry, indubitable facts of human nature ? or is it on the inside of things, in the motive, the aim, the

life of the soul and spirit ? But let us see for a moment how the inside is the outside, how it becomes so in the event. Untruth is the giving undue importance to one set of facts over another set, by relating one set of facts only, or by imputing an untrue motive for them, because, undoubtedly, by the fruit you may know the tree. You can tell by the daily life of a woman whether she cares for the life of the soul and spirit and intellect, and whether she loves her children or values her home ; whether she is sensual or intellectual, idle or industrious, affectionate or hard and cold, bent on fulfilling her duties and carrying out her ideals ; and whether she is slothful, careless, and indifferent. Truth, like colour in painting and harmony in music, consists in the actual relations of one fact to another fact, one set of facts to another set of facts. The complete statement of the relations of the one to the other is truth ; the undue importance given to one over another is untruth. It is not easier to know and speak truth than it is to express perfect harmony in either sound or colour ; and untruth is as easily created as a discord in music or colour. It

is more easy, in fact, for different qualities attract more or less attention in different people, and if the attention is concentrated on one thing to the prejudice of others, or if the observer is capable only of perceiving the one, then the result is a complete and hideous untruth. It is quite natural that a man or woman can be fairly judged only by their peers; you must first be the equal of a person before attempting to tell the truth about him — equal morally, intellectually, spiritually, and in birth and breeding. A man or woman cannot be fairly judged by an inferior, or by one who cannot enter into his or her moral and intellectual environment. The opinion of a sporting, uneducated person concerning an artistic, literary person is worthless. It is easy to condemn things you are incapable of emulating, as easy as it is to destroy that which you could not create; anybody can spill a pot of paint on to a picture, but anybody could not paint it. And yet, in spite of opposing violence and iconoclasm, there is an extraordinary persistence in the life of the soul. You may caricature as you will, you cannot murder a soul; it persists in spite of you, and the

dreariest scepticism perceives it is there. You hold up a distorting mirror, and say 'This is she,' but though the mirror distorts, the original remains as it is, the only reality.

MAY, 1904.

'Herein is that saying true, "One soweth and another reapeth."' 'I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour; other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.'

Christ had laboured to discover original truth by individual effort and individual communion and wrestling with God. The result of this labour He gives His disciples; they reap what they did not sow, and thus they enter into His labours. They also reap the harvest of the seed sown by other men before them in those souls whereon they had never laboured.

'The Son can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father do'—*i.e.*, without Nature man can learn nothing; God in Nature, or God in man, will show us all things, either in art, science, or in ethics.

MAY, 1904.

I wonder why the symbolic figure that always comes to me in any psychical experience should be the figure of a knight in armour. The explanation may be that it signifies the adventurous soul, and it is thus I am presented to myself, as a soul set out upon search of adventure, of experience. This is my view of life, and its story is the story of the evolution of a soul, its fortunes and misfortunes, its adventures and its inspirations.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

The silver water, the bright gold and red and copper leaves, the mass of bough tendrils like waving, drooping hair, the malachite green of the meadow making a cool, clear background for the gold and copper. Then the warmer green of the lawn this side the river, showered over with clean-cut, shapely leaves in flat colours of russet and lemon. The tree with its lighter veil of

leaves, and their decided shapes and colours, remind me much of a vine. I suppose the shape and colour of the plane-tree leaf is very much like it. The transparency of the leaves of the tree, with the light through them, and the opaqueness of the leaf on the ground, with no light behind it, is very noticeable.

MAY, 1904.

Drawing, correct drawing, in landscape is simply understanding the construction of planes. Thus, the foreground and what is placed there, the middle distance and its objects, the distance and its objects.

These planes are united by intermediary planes, delicately to be considered, and the full comprehension and consideration of these planes alone give any value to a landscape; on it is dependent every kind of natural truth, and all facts of greater or less importance. For instance, the expression of space, the expression of atmosphere, the value of light, of shadow, the beauty, if any, of all colour, and, in painting landscape, the feeling for space, the unimprisoned larger air of the outer

## *SPACE IN DRAWING*

life, the room to live and move and breathe, is so desirable, is what gives us that sense of liberty, of expansion, that we feel when out of doors.' The smaller the drawing, I think the greater the infinite suggested. I do not know the reason of this, but it is very evident that the ease and joy of the largest amount of room may be felt on two or three inches of paper. It is the thorough comprehension of the scientific basis of artistic space and infinity; it gets its fullest value thus where it is most obvious that actual size has never been considered, but only the truths of relative size, or, rather, the truth of place, which is the truth of proportional size. This truth of place is the unshaken foundation for all lesser truth of size and colour; the truth of place is the secret foundation beneath the whole of the edifice of painting; on it depends size, colour, light, dark, air—everything, in a word, is in the truth of place.

So that, understanding this, the art of landscape composition ought to be quite straightforward, or comparatively easy. If I shall say to myself I shall build a range of mountains on a highland fiord, with its

smooth sea and reflected sky and cloud and mountain, what shall prevent me, if I know the secret of place? If I shall rather look on a wide sea, bare, save for its islands scattered hither and thither, and its wider sky, so that all is sky that is not sea, and all is sea that is not sky or islands, why shall I not choose my foreground and build on sure foundations? Why, if I shall choose a lonely tower, guarded with poplar and willow, and washed by its own cold wave, waiting (a blot on the landscape) for that which shall be only its curse when it comes—why not? I shall place my tower and my trees, and make these and their reflections my subject, and laugh at difficulties.

Drawing may be considered mathematically, and if your colour-scheme be without form and void, then you must look at it structurally, mathematically, and consider the forms in space as forms in space, and not as colour. But if you are going to paint colour, you might just as well make a pudding as sit down and paint it without first feeling it. Colour is a sensation, not a thought; and it must be realized emotionally in order to be rendered. If the shape



and size of colours were recollected with the feeling of colour not yet separated from the knowledge of shapes, then no further reflection need be made, because the colour, with the shape and size united to it, gives the whole of the object. A landscape must not be painted because it is remembered, but only because it is seen by the sane inner vision that reveals a complete subject or poem; nothing less has any right or reason to be painted. The knowledge that is necessary in order that it should be painted is latent; further knowledge or power need not be sought.

MAY, 1904.

*What a Man wants in a Wife.*

The custom of the English working man is characteristic of the race. Every Englishman wants a woman who will tramp after him carrying the baby, while he forges ahead in silence, unmolested by herself, her sympathy, or her conversation. In some couples, in order to be really well assorted, the positions should be reversed,

and the woman be left free to forge ahead, while the man follows in silent sympathy, carrying the baby. In cases where an independent or leading attitude is natural or necessary to both, then a more politic and worldly knowledge is necessary for a complete adjustment and understanding.

MAY, 1904.

To point beyond, from the individual life to the good of the whole, yes ; but the flesh and blood and the heart must be stirred, as well as the imagination and intellect, otherwise you do not arrive at the moralities.

MAY, 1904.

In the pursuit of beauty nothing matters but that the law of beauty be fulfilled, and beauty is the only love of the arts.

But beauty, love, and goodness are so united in their nature that you can only realize one in the degree in which you realize the others.

MAY, 1904.

The comfortable purring of the doves, the distant, agonized cry of a cock—a cry so jubilant if heard near, and so wailing at a distance—the nasal twang of the duck—the duck must have sailed across the Atlantic at one time or another.

MAY, 1904.

*'The Logia.'*

Of course, raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me, means build; cleave the wood, and there am I, means work at carpentering. Christ Himself was a carpenter, a working man, and in His employment He Himself found God. These are the two things we are ever seeking for—myself and God. It is only finding God that will let a man be himself; you cannot see yourself nor believe in yourself until in some sort, through some channel, you see and believe in God. 'Preach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand'—*i.e.*, within man. This realization of God in actual life, living in this realization of the kingdom, living from this inner faith only, will, if the

faith is strong, first, ‘heal the sick, secondly, cleanse the lepers, thirdly, raise the dead’ (those whose bodies are lifeless because their souls are dead).

‘Freely to have received’ this realization and to have reaped its benefits is ‘freely to give’ of the same. And in order to increase the inner faith, drop all reliance on material things, ‘take no thought for the morrow, nor gold and silver in your purse. ‘Your message, God’s message, is so valuable that the messengers are worthy of their meat.’

Governments, also, it would appear, are but the gradual evolution of the principles of Christ, of freedom for the soul, and heart and mind, health and life, peace and goodwill to men ; but even now those who abide by the inner must clash with the outer formalism. But always remember ‘it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you.’ Persevere, then, until the son of man, the ideal, God’s man, shall be created or evolved. ‘That which God speaks to you in the ear,’ that enact without ; speak it loud on the house-tops. Each must have liberty for his own life, whether it

agree with another's ideal or not. 'For this cause a woman's or a man's foes' may be those who are most dear, but liberty of the soul must come before the ties of laws, of flesh; obedience is only to God. He who puts first his material life shall lose both his soul and his body, and he who puts his soul first shall find both his soul and his body. He that receiveth you in faith receiveth Christ in you, and he who receiveth Christ receiveth God. By persecutions and by revilings your soul shall grow strong within. Blessed are the poor in spirit, those who are strong only in God and poor and weak in self; blessed are those who mourn towards earthly chains and limitations and yearn towards God.

MAY, 1904.

In the parable of the certain Rich Man and Lazarus, the rich man is not a bad man. His moral qualities are not mentioned; but he was engrossed with material and earthly life. Lazarus was without material comforts of any kind (except for his friend the dog, who licked his sores). His spiritual nature, therefore, was all he had; it was the

only important part of him. His moral qualities, again, are not mentioned; it is only the fact of the opposition between the material and spiritual life that is represented. He was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. The eyes of the majority of people seem in a question of character to fix themselves solely on the moral character, yet it is quite possible a person might infringe no moral law who had yet no notion of the spiritual life, nor was making any attempts to realize it. He might be moral enough, it appears, and yet only fattening himself for the fires of hell. Christ then, and always, drew attention to the nucleus of the spiritual life, to the kingdom of God within.

He proclaimed it as the good news, as the salvation of every man and woman, without respect to persons, character, or place. St. Paul and the apostles elaborated this idea into the generalization, one might say, of the spiritual as opposed to the carnal life. So that Christianity came to mean the spiritual life, consciously and openly adopted and organized, leaving no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. One may

see here already in full blossom the plant that bears the seed of monasticism in its bosom. How many people have quite naturally this yearning for the organized spiritual life, without giving any thought to the fact that to do this is to enact Christianity! Neither does one often realize that the intellectual life, consistently carried out, whether it be that of the ascetic student, the artist, the scientist, or the religious, is simply the life of the Christian, opposing as it does the spiritual to the material life and to the world.

Then, further, the word 'morality,' in itself able to contain the whole of a man's life in his relation to his neighbour (the spiritual life describes his relation to himself and his ideals), is commonly used to designate exclusively his relation to what is otherwise called the sex question. The words 'moral' or 'immoral,' as a rule, mean only this aspect of a person, whereas the moral question really is whether a man places his neighbour's welfare on an equality with his own. This includes the relations of sex, as it does all human relationship. Most people put themselves and their interest so far before

their neighbour and his interests that for all practical purposes the neighbour is morally out of sight. It is in such persons that any conception of the ideal becomes only an abstraction, at whose shrine human victims must be perpetually immolated, for they fail to see that their only chance of meeting their ideals in this world is to perceive them growing up in the bosoms of their neighbours. To aim a blow at the image of chastity in the breast of a friend is the nearest they may get to a blow at the great goddess. But the fanatic does not see it, and insists on the most concrete proofs of spiritual life in another, while he is himself only the selfish witness of an abstract image, but a sceptic to it in reality. It is the power of abstract ideas on a perfectly selfish nature that creates the iconoclast. Upon a good moral nature, or under the influence of Christianity, such ideas might inspire a prophet; but you must first make the tree good, if you would make the fruit good, and in a bad moral—*i.e.*, in a perfectly selfish—man even the power of abstraction becomes an evil.



MAY, 1904.

To the marriage of true minds we shall not admit impediment; the soul is free, and must accept its responsibilities. Love is a condition of the soul which leads to abnegation, sacrifice, and efforts such as no other condition will inspire; it brings truth and loyalty of mind, without which no character can develop. For love, which is called by the vulgar immoral, is the greatest of all the moralities. It is, in fact, the only appeal to our moral nature. Religion appeals to the spirit, knowledge to the intellect; love only appeals to the heart, and enables one to see that other people are of the same importance as one's self; it checks selfish passion, and takes away its selfishness; it vivifies and ennobles the faculties; it gives grace and loveliness to life. It is, in fact, the atmosphere in which the soul can breathe, and move, and have its being. It is scarcely too much to say the soul itself is love, and love, we know, is God. We shall, then, be taking a great responsibility upon ourselves if we say to any individual, Thou shalt not

love.' For love is the great educator ; no character can develop to its full strength that has not loved to its full strength. It may be that a great capacity for love, means a great general capacity in other directions. It is, at any rate, true that a great passion, if it does not overbalance and ruin the nature possessed by it, must cause the other faculties to increase in ratio if the balance is kept. For spirituality, loyalty, intellectuality, and charity must all proportionately increase. The result upon the character will depend entirely upon whether this balance is kept or not, whether the individual can feel equally, and respond equally, to all the claims made upon him. For to resist the encroachment of a selfish passion in one's self, or in another for the sake of other claims, is to increase, and not to decrease, in depth and breadth of character and moral well-being.

MAY, 1904.

I wonder if everybody who tries to form the kingdom of God within a soul is betrayed into the hands of the chief priests and Scribes and condemned to death, and

delivered to the Gentiles to mock and to scourge and to crucify him. And is that glorious promise also true—‘And on the third day he shall rise again’?

MAY, 1904.

*The Parable of the Wheat and Tares.*

The kingdom of heaven is built up of all the good seed that has been sown into our hearts. It is the kingdom that has been formed by the thoughts and feelings on which we have lived, all we have known of the good and beautiful, whether in nature or human nature, in painting or literature, or music, or the world at large. We know of ourselves how we have formed the kingdom, whether we have sought to live always with the best in thought, word, and deed, with the beautiful and the true, and whether we have shunned always all things that might offend.

MAY, 1904.

The reason why we respect little children is put poetically in the words of Christ: It is because ‘their angels do always behold

the face of My Father which is in heaven.' Their minds are pure from any self-seeking, from ambition, cruelty, vanity. They are really in the state of innocence, unconscious of the baser self. A child's mind, therefore, is unhindered in its natural response to the good and the beautiful. They see always the face of their Father in heaven; and unless we also become freed from the baser self-seeking, we shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of God.

MAY, 1904.

Do people consider, when they take up your time, of what they are robbing you? You go, perhaps, a stupid railway journey, or to see a gown fitted, or to choose a pair of boots, or you gossip away an hour or two. What have you given in exchange? A communion with God, a meditation and revelation of some exquisite beauty, or a few hours' work in which the fruit of the communion and meditation might possibly have been expressed? Then the result: you have lost a deepening and enriching of your soul; you have lost the joy of the spiritual vision, the rapture of living (if only for a moment) in

the atmosphere of ideal beauty; you have lost the invigorating and vitalizing result of work faithfully done. Those who have robbed you cheerfully of all this are conscious of having lost nothing themselves, and they have given you nothing in exchange but the sense of loss and of the irreparableness of the hours that cannot return. I think this is a sensation that children often suffer from—most of all when a sudden interruption destroys a thrilling dream, a vision, perhaps, that they are seeing while they read. Some cheerful grown-up, with a perfect disrespect for preoccupation and concentration, suddenly shatters it. The shock is great—great in proportion to the power of concentration employed—and the imaginative vision of children is extraordinarily keen. It sets up, of course, violent nervous irritation. But no one will blame himself for this disorder and want of consideration; on the contrary, the child is blamed for its nervous irritability.

MAY, 1904.

It is the legitimate desire of the inexperienced to know what the world is like—

the whole world of men and women—not to be satisfied with that small section of it which is described in their personal relations. It is a mistake to keep from anyone of a fit age to receive it a knowledge of the world in which he or she is likely to live. Everyone on entering a new sphere of existence should, at any rate, be made aware of its conditions, of the trials or dangers that await them, of the value of things in the eyes of their fellow-creatures, of the material or predatory instincts of their fellow-beings. The different valuation that different people set on certain things sometimes causes complications. There are people who deny their souls and swear by their bodies, as there are others who deny their bodies and swear by their souls. I imagine an act of contemptuous recklessness by the one would assume totally different proportions in the eyes of the other. The truth of mysticism will alone explain certain motives to persons who cannot be made to understand mysticism.

MAY, 1904.

The artist, whether his craft be that of poet, painter, or musician, is a man whose business in life it is to see the beautiful, for the ideal of his art is to represent simply the beautiful, and no man can represent what he doesn't perceive. Now, life is not arranged only for those whose chief business it is to see the beautiful. On the contrary, there are food and clothes to be thought of, a roof over your head, and the claims of the family to be considered—their claim to be helped towards these material things. If you catch your butterfly of an artist, whose business is with none of these things, but to live in a realm of thought and feeling of his own creation, in an earthly paradise, where his mind may flit from image to image of beauty, offering his sacrifice at every shrine—if you can catch this poor butterfly soul and tie him to a money-grubbing profession or a sensible marriage, then you will find either that your butterfly's existence is crushed for himself and made useless to the world (for he can only

do that work for which he is born), or that he will, with the necessity, make some way to escape, some short-cut out of the convention in which you have placed him, and perhaps lose his life in this world, that he may after all live it in his own natural atmosphere regardless of surrounding circumstances. Then you will cry out to him, and call him Bohemian and irregular or immoral. But the immorality always is in the first step, when the lover of the beautiful is caught and set to journeyman's work, for which God never made him. You have denied him his soul, and, having made him false to it, you strive now to fix him in your cage, clip his wings, and chain him to a perch. His visionary eyes unfit him for contact with those who are born without spiritual insight. He is blind to the ugly, they are blind to beauty, and this mutual incompetence has within it the groundwork of a tragedy.

MAY, 1904.

Christ said, 'Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's'—*i.e.*, to society concede its ways, manners and customs, and money—to God



that which is God's—*i.e.*, give to Him the hidden man of the heart.

MAY, 1904.

The life proper to man is the life of the soul, the intellect, and the spirit; anything good for that life is morally good, anything bad for that life is morally bad.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

It would be well if some of the persons who talk loudly about truth, justice, and chastity, and place these famous abstractions in some far-off infinite space, would take the trouble to realize for a moment that all they are ever likely to meet of these qualities is not in deified generalities descending untarnished from heaven, but is to be found in the men and women and children and boys and girls about them; so that when they take up mud and stones to throw at any of these faiths carried in their breasts (even though it may be one in which they do not themselves believe), yet, by attacking it, they are taking the best chance they will ever get

of desecrating and injuring their famous abstract goddess, whether it be that of truth, justice, or another. I have even known a man rave about the sacredness of parental ties and domestic felicity in the abstract, and yet strain every nerve to destroy both the one and the other in actual life. Your passionate worshipper of the abstract and destroyer of the concrete will also forget that the tares and the wheat in the same individual must grow together till the harvest; it is advisable not to uproot both. They cannot yet grow separately on earth, but they may do so hereafter at the harvest when the tares will at length be burnt, and the wheat gathered into God's barn.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

It should be remembered that the actions which human beings are capable of performing to express their emotions are limited in number, and that the difference between them does not consist in the action, but in individualities. For instance, the action of shedding tears, appropriate to the expression of grief, will be performed equally by philosophers, poets, and criminals, but in each

case the same action will express a very different quality of feeling. Smiles and laughter will be used to express joy both by the idiot and the genius, but one will be a mere animal and the other a spiritual joy.

It was not a vulgar instinct of murder that prompted Abraham to the knife, nor was it a mere cowardly weakness that urged him to desist. It was not an intention to mock God with the rest of us, who say, 'Lord, Lord,' and do nothing, that sent him to the thicket, and made him offer instead of the costliest sacrifice, that of a lamb that cost him nothing. Yet to each of these acts a criminal or contemptible name might be applied; and in spite of obvious instances of the wide divergence of motive for the same act, performed by different individuals, yet to the common herd it is enough to give a dog a bad name to hang him.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

People talk and write for ever about love, and whether it is an evil or a good. Love in the platonic sense is, of course, the only good; it sets up, as nothing else can, a perfect harmony between the ego and its

surroundings; it describes its place among its fellows. It has been so fully analyzed by St. Paul that, had I the tongue of men or angels, I could not describe it better.

The selfish passion of a man for a woman, without the leavening essence of the true or heavenly love, is an unmixed evil to the object of such a passion, for it results in a mere odious tyranny over the mind and body of the beloved; it is the effort to imprison within the narrow bounds of another's individuality the free soul. For the selfish lover cannot bear his beloved to be better than himself; with the sense of inferiority or deficiency comes the dread of losing her. He is jealous of all the life she lives in soul or mind that points to an end beyond himself. He will not share her with God, or with her duties, or with her intellectual pursuits, unless, indeed, it is one in which he can himself join. If he can compass it, the woman he loves will find herself the most helpless of slaves in the face of the most fatal kind of tyranny. A love of this kind, fierce and narrow and selfish, blesses neither him that gives nor her that takes; though it must endow her, if she survive,

with marvellous qualities of forbearance, gentleness, meekness, and faith — an undaunted faith in her uncrushed soul and uncomplaining devotion to her duty to herself and him. But if a way to escape is not found, it must paralyze and eventually destroy her mind and body. The complete *egoist's* idea of his wife must destroy all separate individuality of any value, for he would make her a mere adjunct of himself, reflecting himself as exclusively as his own mirror in which he sees himself shave.

It might be possible, where two persons are equally matched in intellect and culture and physical powers; whose ideas are similar and whose point of view the same, that no harm from this complete fusion of souls might ensue, or if the woman has the lesser intellect, and is lifted to a higher level; but if the superior intellect of the two be lodged in the brain of the weaker vessel, then woe to her, who will be bullied and crushed by the superior bullying power of the masculine half.

The man who does not respect the spiritual and intellectual qualities of the woman he loves, but abhors their excellence as an

offence against himself, that man acts the part of Satan to her, warring perpetually against the beautiful, the good, and the true in her soul, trying to destroy their kingdom within her, a kingdom that undoubtedly he clearly perceives, for all his efforts are against it, but a kingdom he refuses to believe in. Like St. Paul, he kicks against the pricks in fighting against the kingdom of God; and only another conversion, like that of St. Paul, will cure him.

DECEMBER, 1904.

In Meliander and Aglavaine Maeterlinck has drawn two persons without the sense of honour. This sense must have pricked them had either of them possessed it. It is part of the equipment of any refined character. Why did he leave it out, I wonder? They do not afflict themselves with any feeling of the respect they owe to Selysette and her marriage tie, and yet they are a particularly good sort of people, devoid only of this particular sense. The idea of cruelty or selfishness shocks them very much; but, oddly enough, until they actually see Selysette's pain, it never strikes

them she will be likely to feel any. Meliander, indeed, never perceived it. He might perhaps have done so had she scratched Aglavaine or bitten her. But, unfortunately for all of them, she was not of the class that expresses itself thus freely. In fact, the crux of the whole matter is that Selysette was of the inexpressive order of temperament, one of those unselfish, self-sacrificing people who do not force themselves and their troubles upon the first-comer; so that the other two, without misgiving, go their way, regardless of such an insignificant little being. The appalling significance of the insignificant is, in the end, the moral climax of the play; the moral of that, as the Duchess would say, being that the freedom of evolution in the individual must be strictly limited by the inconvenience it may be to other individuals.

DECEMBER, 1904.

'The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the chief priests, and the Scribes, and the Pharisees, and the elders, and be slain.'

What should we think to-day of a man or a woman who had suffered these experiences ?

DECEMBER, 1904.

It is better to be true to yourself, even if it is not the higher self to which you are true, than to remain a mere plagiarist ; for truth is the beginning of all things, and may lead you far, and if truth is the foundation it will bear a noble superstructure, and one that will stand.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The sense of honour that is so completely lacking in Meliander and Aglavaine, it appears, is not such a simple affair after all. One would say that no woman, with even the smallest scrap of it, could walk into a man's house, and take him away from his wife, under her very eyes, as did Aglavaine. But the sense of honour that allows a man to walk into the house of his acquaintance, take his wife, and practically destroy his home, is a very peculiar, though not at all an uncommon, kind. Let us see,



since there are many cases of the sort under our observation in literature and life, where the sense of honour comes in.

In the case of the play we have just mentioned, Meliander is so little really married to Selysette that in watching it acted it never occurs to us that she is really his wife at all. He looks upon her as upon a nice good child, to whom he is excessively and patronizingly kind in a highly intentional way; to him marriage has been a kind of painless dentistry. There is no sense of reality accompanying it. To Aglavaine, on the contrary, he is married in a moment. They meet and are one. Their temperaments completely fuse, and their minds are equally united at all points. The miracle occurs so unexpectedly and whole-heartedly that the sense of honour has never been awaked. For he is unaware of Selysette's existence; she has never made herself felt. Still, the sense of honour, though it was not on guard nor aroused sooner, should have been up in arms later, for the simple reason that, though he did not feel Selysette, yet she felt him. He was her whole life, but she did not express her-

self, and he remained blind to her and dead to honour. The situation is more unparadonable in Aglavaine. She was a woman of experience and imagination, a type from which nothing can be hidden. She saw Selysette's goodness and value at a glance; she knew that she herself loved this good, true woman's husband. What devil of self-deception, then, could lull her sense of honour to sleep? Yet it never woke for a moment. Her pity and respect for Selysette awoke, for she was both sympathetic and generous, and she meant entirely well. But she was without the saving grace of honour; she was so full of her own temperamental truth, her truth to herself, that she never saw the angel standing in the way, who would have warned her to respect herself and Selysette, and to go in peace. Such a slight sense of it would have saved the situation to herself and Meliander, but they were created by Maeterlinck devoid of this sense.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The talk about the love affairs of George Sand and De Musset leads to reflection. I have never seen the subject considered except from the point of view of the man—of the man who takes it for granted that a woman's sole end is to win a man's love once and once only, and to devote herself soul and body and spirit to this masculine being for the rest of her days—whether it be to himself (as each lover in his turn thought) or to another.

This presupposes a social philosophy of a primitive order, namely, that the woman exists, not for her own spiritual or intellectual well-being, but for the man; she has no personal evolution of her own as an end or aim. But if he allow any weight to evolution at all, he must allow it here. Both the man and the woman must each individually and separately exist for this end, and for no other—to evolve into the perfected souls that life may make of them; consciously or unconsciously, they will be moving towards this end.

So that if to either the other becomes a

let or a hindrance in the race that is set before them (though we may be quite sure what is bad for one will be bad for both), then, whether by agreement or disagreement, they must separate.

Love, if you like to say so, is a necessity of life, but no one individual's society is a necessity to any other individual. Love is far beyond any one individual's compass ; no one has a monopoly of love, neither is any individual the acme of all the virtues ; no one can limit the air we breathe. The life of the soul is the first consideration. That must be put first, that must be preserved uninjured ; and if the idiosyncrasies of the one choke the life of the soul in the other, if they enervate, stifle, or destroy that life, then the beloved must no longer be held within the range of injury. It is not the love that injures, it is the egotism, the limitations, the want of self-control that hurts, never the love.

To the common herd, and in the popular mind, love without a legal bond is sin. There could not be a greater mistake. Love is always good, but sensuousness, selfishness, or violence of character, or any disproportion,

moral or intellectual, between the man and the woman may easily make love an impossibility both for themselves and for others. Love may do much and bear much, but it cannot quickly and entirely cure the faults and idiosyncrasies of a lifetime. It is the personal failings that do the injury and spoil love's fair possibilities. Chivalry is right in placing it high as a help and educator and civilizer.

Qualities are more quickly assimilated by the power of love than by any other tie between pupil and master. The Greeks well understood and very sensibly acted from this consideration. 'Tis the only way in which untrained and unruly spirits can be educated, but the pupil must follow the laws of chivalry in order that love may have its legitimate effect, and he must obey and reverence his master or his mistress, as the case may be. If the pupil allow his own individuality too much rein in opposing the individuality of his teacher, he will waste his opportunity of assimilation, and the forces of both will be expended only in offensive and defensive measures.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Temperament is led by the subconscious inspiration; character is the conscious determination of temperament. Both have the same end in view; but temperament may arrive by its own inherent quality, miraculously missing stain or injury from the mud and pitfalls it will pass through, its natural quality preventing assimilation of anything inimical to itself. But character will see quite clearly and foresee its route and destiny, will organize and prepare its life, and will avoid the wasteful and dangerous. Temperament is formed by encouragement, character by discouragement, by opposition; temperament is feeling, character is knowledge. To attain depth of character and of temperament, the power of feeling must be strained to its uttermost, and the individuality opposed to its limit of resistance.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Life is not made for love, but for that love only that builds us a temple not made with hands; and this is the test of love—that the earthly should give us the heavenly, that,

when the earthliness of it is faded, the heavenly love should receive us into everlasting habitations.

DECEMBER, 1904.

A woman of genius like George Sand, whatever she gives her lover, never gives him her soul; she cannot surrender her genius. The governing part of her must always govern. This is what Mr. Henry James means when he says 'she was incapable of surrender.' You might as well say she was incapable of spiritual annihilation. She always retained the right of private judgment, of self-preservation. For in the spiritual life, to lose your life is not to save it; it is to court destruction. The thing for her to save was the life of her spirit, and the thing for her to lose was everything else but that. This does not cover the question of that passionate devotion to the soul of another, the desire to save another soul—a desire so intense that it will itself bear that other's misery and limitations if only by any chance it may so be saved. The love that is willing to count itself lost if the other may thereby gain heaven is another

question, and by losing your soul in this way you are indeed finding it, whether you gain or fail to gain that for which you sacrifice it.

But for no mere matter of any man's ease, comfort, or self-indulgence shall a woman like George Sand give up her soul; and yet how easily an exigent, selfish lover might steal it away! For the mind and soul inhabit the brain and body, and if De Musset, by his deliriums, his angers, his tyrannies, usurped her attention and undermined her strength, then she must deliver herself from these, so that she may herself, her soul and mind and spirit, again inhabit her own local habitation of body and brain.

And this is where the man and woman of genius meet the saint and the ascetic on the same ground. All of them have discovered that they must keep their brain and body for God if they will be their true selves. They cannot allow themselves to be the prey of any creature, but must be the prey only of God. For the ascetic life, free from the interruptions of the world and the claims of men and women, is the only life that is possible for worker and saint.



George Sand had her experiences, as St. Augustine had his, and then settled herself down to her seclusion and to a consistent life in the mind and spirit.

These things she had always lived for; they were a matter of temperament to her, but her life in the world would not allow her the peace nor time in which to be herself; so she left them, and took up the monastic life without vows and without a convent, and with no rule, except the rule of her spirit. (Oh, these spirits that beat against the bars of materiality and convention, how they pant for perfect freedom to live their life, and for how long a time they may seek and not find it!)

DECEMBER, 1904.

When you feel yourself morally feeble and thin, and feel that you are wanting in substance and character, you look around for someone you think might give it you and help you. But what you really want is, not someone to help you, but someone whom you yourself can help, to whom you can give, and what you want to strengthen your moral

fibre and give you character is not encouragement, but opposition.

DECEMBER, 1904.

When people set out to oppose one another's good qualities, they will not weaken them by so doing, but only strengthen them in each other. Faults may be cured or killed by castigation; but good qualities are not merely negative things, they are positive, and by castigation you will brace them up. It is like telling a lie about a person, it will only cause the truth to come out.

DECEMBER, 1904.

English private and public school life, and on the top of that a business life, lead to too much self-control; one wants a man to be something more than merely a mask, and your public-school boy is often nothing else. It makes him a very poor companion in after-life to a woman who has not had his training, and who would get on much better with him if he had not had it. He will probably have a bad time of it, and will bear it in silence, while she is longing for him to 'give himself away,' to be natural,

and to show what human nature he has got. She wants him to feel, but he has learnt to hide his feelings where he cannot crush them; she wants him to respond, to sympathize, but he has acquired a perfect indifference, and detests any give-and-take in 'gush'; she does not want to sit all the day like children in the market-place, piping or weeping or laughing in vain, she wants someone to listen and laugh and weep with her. But the dignity of the schoolboy and of the business man persists; he will not laugh nor weep with her. How much better if he did not behave so well! Why cannot he get angry, or sorry, or naughty, like a real live boy or man? What an odious thing, she thinks, is English self-control!

He is happy only when she also has acquired indifference; he thinks it the proper and becoming attitude. To her it is always the sign of a cheat and a loss.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The Gospels are full of warnings that, if we follow the kingdom of God within, we must inevitably clash with the kingdom of the world without; you must sooner or

later be classed with the evil-doers, and thrust out of the synagogue.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The people who worship authority and convention may have the same end, and may follow the same route as those who worship spiritual freedom, who cannot breathe in any other atmosphere. There is only one life suited to man, and that is the highest life of which he is capable. Authority and convention are organized to forward and protect this.

The man who loathes the word 'authority,' and can only live as a free spirit, insists on his freedom of spirit and intellect, because he knows such a life only is proper to himself as man, and he knows that it is the higher life within himself which created that authority or that convention; and therefore, if at any time truth to himself would clash with convention, convention would go to the wall. A case might arise in which your spiritually-minded man has made a false step, for it is human to err, whether you live under the law or by grace. But having made it, he considers the responsibilities

which by his step he has incurred ; he may consider it right not to shirk the burden he has taken up, but to labour under it to his utmost rather than to drop it without further effort, to live through the pain and the wrong into the right ; to earn, as it were, his release. But the man who rests in authority will have no such task. He simply rejects his burden and returns to his allegiance ; there is no other claim upon him except the claim of the external rule. It is only the true man who lives himself, who works out his own salvation, even through his errors, following always some light, however dim in the dark places, that he sees for himself ; so that, while he appears to persist in his errors, he is living by patience and faith. The difference between the two creeds is really a difference in the courage of responsibility. In the one case the man under authority abjures all responsibility either of fore-knowledge or of after-knowledge ; he simply takes what is given him from the outside. In the other case the man has the courage of complete responsibility ; he accepts both fore-knowledge and after-knowledge, and acts upon

them. He takes his spiritual life in his hands, and while aiming at the same goal as the other, he reaches it by a far more arduous and difficult road. In the latter case, a depth of character, one feels, is reached that can by no chance be touched by the merely conventional man; for he digs deep who digs into the depths of his own personality, and he only brings to the surface what he has found there. The other has no need for research beyond mere surface scratches; what he uses and requires is outside, on the top; it fulfils his purpose, so that he does not explore further; and while he expresses his belief and faith in authority, your spiritually free man will not express any admiration for them. He is conscious of a higher law in his own being; he knows in any given case he might set aside the convention, for to him the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The good people who pride themselves on accepting authority because it is authority, whether it be of the law or of the Church,

quite fail to see that spiritual freedom and reality are the very essence of Christianity. It is this, and this only, that has been sealed by the blood of martyrs; compared with this, everything else in the religious life is as nothing; it is the breath of its life. When convention and authority make themselves into trammels and chains against it, they are mistaking their end and aim, for they were created by this very spirit of true religion to protect and not enslave it.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Take heed ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Unpleasant or dull, as it is sometimes to be misrepresented, yet it is not so dull or so unpleasant as to feel you do your good works before men to be seen of them. Even from the point of view of our own satisfaction and comfort, it is happier to lay up treasure in heaven, to have a good conscience, rather than to have merely a good appearance. Christ continually tells us that to prefer conscience before external opinion, and to suffer for it, is to gain a greater

benefit than if we got more praise than we deserve, and to lay up treasure in the kingdom within is to lay up treasure in heaven.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Are we all, when we arrive at the period of self-consciousness, conscious of two influences—of those which we might call the inner and the outer voices, the one intimate, close, clear, and true, the other faint, false, and from afar? The inner voice may say, 'Devote yourself to this spiritual passion, one that will never find its earthly close'; take up the work at hand, even though it makes no special appeal to you. If you do your best, you may, at any rate, deserve the word 'Well done' from those one day who know what is well done.

The other voice is not from yourself, it is from material things and from other souls; its faint, unreal songs touch the ears with no conviction; it speaks of ease and leisure, and safety, and of the amenities of life, of the warm hearth and of the wide world, of its open treasure, and it sings most falsely of the joys that may be reached easily without the strenuous life. It calls



to the voyaging soul to leave the narrow, difficult passage to which he of all souls is called, to leave his inward bent and choice, and lay himself open to any voyage that should beckon from the wider, smoother seas. How unreal the siren voice, how clear the call in his heart ! yet, because he dreads the narrowness and the darkness, because his faith in his own seamanship fails him, because of the thought of the inhospitable rocks, of the angry sea, sick at heart, he turns to the wide ocean, where he may float and dream at his will ; he leaves his strenuous solitary course and follows where the hated voice is singing its song of ease. The moment he leaves his strenuous course and takes the friendly siren hands, joy leaves him ; for the only joy is in reality, and the one reality for him is the inner call, the voyage on which he was bent. Nothing else is near to him ; all he touches and sees is far off, and has no power at all to affect him, not even the power of a breath upon the cheek.

The siren voice is outside of him, it is strange to him. The voice that spoke to him first was his own voice, deep in his soul.

It told him truly where his particular adventure lay, and what his course must be, and to what harbour he was bound. No outside voice can ever tell the truth to him—he knew it of himself; no other voyage is suited to him; there is no response to any other call.

He alone knows of the call, and though he has not obeyed it, it is always with him, and ever and anon comes again the clear call to the high spiritual adventure and the soft outer voices.

Reality is the only joy and the only pleasure, the only good; and reality is never easy, whether it be the reality of the spiritual call that comes first in the half-awakened stage of our natural life, or whether it is the imperative human call that sets love and pity and sympathy wide awake in maturer life. It is always strenuous, it is always the deepest joy that brings the deepest pain. For reality means the whole of us, it means every effort of which we are capable. But those of us who think to choose the easier path by leaving the strenuous one are making a mistake—it only diverts our course for a moment, it only brings complications that need not be.

We cannot shift our course at our pleasure, we can only delay it. We shall hear both voices sooner and later, the spiritual and the human, and we shall follow both. We need not follow in perfect loyalty; on the contrary, our unstopped ears may listen to the false and the distant, and we may waste our strength on alien seas. But we ourselves have only one harbour and one course; we shall arrive there one day, one cannot tell how quickly nor how easily it might be if we were capable of a perfect loyalty to the inner voice as it calls to us, and of stopping our ears to that vain, fond, empty singing.

DECEMBER, 1904.

It is not strange that there are people who are sceptical of a spiritual world, when we know that there may be, in the individual at our side, a whole spiritual kingdom, to the door of which we have no key—a whole life behind that veil of flesh through which we cannot see, and, though we touch and talk with them day by day, they cannot tell us of what we cannot understand. They

cannot show us that to which we are blind. For we cannot put our fingers into the nail-prints of the spiritualities, nor thrust our hand into the side, and without this we cannot, or will not, believe.

## PLAYFELLOWS.

## I.

God did not put us in an empty room,  
Put out the light and leave us there  
With outstretched hands, clutching at air,  
Emptied of everything except the gloom.

## II.

He lit the lamp before He went away,  
That we might see by its clear light  
Our friends at morning and at night,  
And touch their hands whether at work or play.

## III.

We are like children left to their own whim,  
To laugh a little and to learn,  
Until their Father shall return  
To hear the lessons that are learned for Him.

## IV.

And when we've had our play and done our  
tasks,  
Learned to concede and to resist,  
Have quarrelled sometimes, and have kissed,  
We shall have done all that our Father asks.

DECEMBER, 1904.

As one violinist will draw sweeter and deeper tones out of a violin than another can, so one individual may draw greater variety and depth from our nature than any other individual may. And what different harmonies they will draw, the one from all the heavenly chords, the other from the human heart-strings! The heavenly chords at once translate us into happiness; but in the man and the violin, as in the organ, it is the *vox humana* that gives the thrill of pain that deepens the pleasure.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Yes, that is what one has been afraid of—the lonely road, and narrowness, and darkness, and failure. The coward thought! One has wished for breadth of view, and light and companionship. One has not *believed*, even though one has *felt* it, that breadth and light and love must be within, and that they are non-existent for one's self outside. If the light within be darkness,

how great is that darkness! The light of the body is the eye, and if the eye be single the whole body shall be full of light—of the light that shall light the loneliest road that was ever travelled.

How strange, then, that, in spite of the warning voice of one's suffering, one should persist in the acceptance of the fallacy that the light is after all not in the eye, but somewhere without, that one should prefer hearsay to truth, platitudes before conviction. You can only see by seeing, not by hearing what other people have seen. You can only live by living, and the reality of life is not in following the phantasmal voices of others, but in following the particular voice that speaks in you yourself, whether it be one of human instinct or one of spiritual vision—anything of you that is you is better for you than something of somebody else.

You may help others by showing them yourself and your views; but they also must live from themselves, and not from you. Their only way of escape from the miserable thing they are is to grow within themselves the beautiful flower of their own

soul; a mere change of costume adapted from another wearer will not help them. The growth may be very slow, the period of germination very long. It is as if a man should rise and sleep night and day, and life seem to consist only in waiting. The seed must be buried a long time in the earth; its sleep seems the sleep of death, but at length the palest green shoots are just visible, and presently—it seems to be all at once—one sees the living flower; and when the ground is hard and rocky and uncultivated, and full of the obstructions of a violent, headstrong nature, then the seed has a hard time of it. But you know it is there, that it is alive, and that it must grow. I suppose the utmost help we can give, then, to another soul is to give our faith and our patience; we cannot fail, even though it seems we have failed. The seed will live though sown by a faulty human hand—a hand that may even have sown the tares with the wheat, and the tares may come up with it; but even though they seem to choke the good wheat, one need not fear for the harvest.



DECEMBER, 1904.

We should follow not the path of least resistance, but the path of most life—the way we feel to be vitalizing, to be increasing our soul's vitality. This would always be to us ourselves the path of least resistance—incomparably so. But it will not appear on the face of it, nor necessarily prove itself so to another. They will look to the outside, to material things; but for all that, it is really an easier path to us, though it may appear the harder to them. Many people attach a false importance to outer things—things that can only hamper, and can give us nothing, that create the difficulties of life. We must let the things go that seem of value in other eyes, and live honestly for the things that really matter to us. In doing this we become at once strong, and capable, and happy. What a joyous, free life we might have, unchoked, unencumbered! and yet, rather than be our unstified selves, we choose to lie down and ask 'other people,' mere phantasms of the living, to walk over us, to smother us, or chain us, and at their ridiculous command we hug their chains.

Was there ever a more foolish waste of energy, of life, crushing every power of joy ? And yet this is what our pusillanimity makes of us and our possibilities !

DECEMBER, 1904.

If a satanic force sets itself up against us, so that there is no way of escape for our souls while in the body, then death is the open gateway to life, and death of the body is infinitely preferable to death of the soul, for if life is impossible to the soul here, it can always escape to the palaces of the eternal.

DECEMBER, 1904.

But the weary death in life of simply being choked by circumstance is a hideous daily dying : it is not to be endured ; some light of deliverance must come in, some spark of inspiration, or some stirring of the blood, to prove the heart still beats, and the soul still breathes, even though it sleep soundly in its death in life.

DECEMBER, 1904.

It is strange that another should feel he has a right to murder your soul. He knows it is winged, and fears it may escape him; he therefore seeks to maim it, and if to maim is not possible, then to murder it, this white-winged, wild bird. He will not allow that your soul is God's creature, and that its wild, free life belongs to itself and God. But he lays claim to cage it, to keep it for himself, alive or dead; he will possess it, but always with clipped wings, for he dare not give it freedom—as if by any force outside of itself one might bind a soul! He does not see that the soul is the only reality, and it cannot bear allegiance to anything less than its own integrity.

DECEMBER, 1904.

If you are not following the light within, you become the prey of every appeal from without.

DECEMBER, 1904.

To live in one's past is to live in some huge cathedral, in whose dim spaces, in

whose mellow vastnesses, we see only the invisible and feel only the motionless, silent air ; we would not wish to issue thence into the thin, superficial daylight.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Somebody said the tendency of all art is to become nearer and nearer to music. Then the art of life should become more and more like music till it reaches an unbroken harmony.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Do some unusual people live with a nervous system strung to an exquisite sensitiveness, so that every impression, like the touch on a violin, draws from it long, thrilling notes of an excessive intensity of pleasure or pain ? They are not mad, these people, but only madly sensitive. But this only regards their nervous system ; morally or intellectually they may still be insane. Ordinary people look upon insanity too much as a mere brain disease. This kind has little danger in it, because it is quite obvious to all the world ;

moral insanity only becomes obvious to those with whom a moral question is concerned, and these questions do not arise between strangers or superficial acquaintances or on judicial matters, but only when a matter between ego and ego is concerned. Therefore it becomes obvious always too late to avoid its horrible dangers. Moral insanity might be described as a giant ego guarding its threshold from the ingress or egress of any other ego but its own. It will cheerfully destroy anybody or anything that disagrees with its conception of the universe. It is the only Adam that inhabits Eden. Therefore to him there is naturally no other point of view but his own; nobody else has a right to live, and though he may desire an Eve in this Eden, it is only as duplicating and reduplicating his egoism. Should she have a life of her own apart from his, he will strangle both it and her, and yet love would appear the only channel by which a healing stream might descend and cure this insanity. If he could love another human being enough to desire its welfare as his own, then he would be cured indeed. But it must be his equal, not a child, nor his

offspring, nor one who has no separate life to himself, but a love that is strong enough to cure, an equal human passion. It is strong indeed if it become equal to that task ; no other thing need ever stand in its way. But though a woman may have strength and perseverance to do this, how seldom is it to be found in a man ! The one thing he might do for her is to conquer himself. But he has quite another idea of conquest, and so an opportunity of a good love and a good life is wasted ; it is thrown away with the rest in the waste papers of his scepticism. Was the task really beyond his powers, or was it not worth attempting ? It will have to be done sooner or later if he is ever to become morally sane. There are people the very height of whose passion will raise them to this moral sanity, and there are others to whom such a sanity will never appear in any other light than that of an encroachment upon their own ego.

DECEMBER, 1904.

To talk about immoral love is absurd. Love is beautiful, flawless, perfect. It is we ourselves who may be in fault with

regard to it; we may be disloyal to it, or we may let it make us disloyal to ourselves, or we may, while being loyal to our own passion of love, yet be disloyal to the object of that passion, and herein lies a great mystery. Moreover, there is the poet who loves after his kind, and the beast who also loves after his kind.

DECEMBER, 1904.

A reckless action will escape none of the volcanic consequences that by its nature it has challenged.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The region of the intellect may be stimulated into activity by outside causes. We may be urged to the defensive, to the analytical, the critical, the explanatory. But the region of the subconscious, which is the place of creative art; the chaos of beauty still without form, which must issue in form and meaning; this can gain nothing and lose everything by irritation or disturbance; the time of germination or the time for expression will be simply frittered away and utterly wasted.

In the one case you are conscious of the stimulus and of the response; you are become, in fact, merely the response. In the other you are yourself, all of you, and are following the path of least resistance—the one that is natural to you.

In a question of education for a nature of the creative sort, the great point to achieve is to give food without unnatural or unnecessary stimulus; but the food for such a mind must be given; to overexcite such a mind is the most wasteful cruelty, to leave it un-nourished is equally unwholesome. Human nature is what it wants, to learn and to develop; the rest is nothing to it—the mere vagaries of other people; it requires to learn only itself. This it always knows, but if it has not enough faith in its own self-knowledge this can only be gained in the experience of life; thus it will be twice told: first, from the inside, an easy lesson; secondly, from the outside, a hard and painful path of learning. The people who are born to live chiefly in this subconscious region, and who are prevented from doing so by circumstance, are those who suffer always from the more violent forms of nervous irri-



tation ; their temperament requires them to live in an unwrinkled pool of deep thought and silence and peace—in the depths of their nature where all is harmony and music ; but untoward circumstance destroys this possibility, and the reaction is as violent as the instinct for repose and harmony is strong. The temperament that is made for the deepest music will, when disturbed, make the more violent discords.

DECEMBER, 1904.

Your academic painter tries to attain beauty by prescription. His masters give him a prescription, and by conscientiously following his recipe he expects to attain the result ; and the result may be highly unobjectionable, or even pleasing, or intellectual and interesting, according to the painter's own qualifications and bent.

But the true painter, who is so seldom found, follows only the light within himself, and in that light he gathers scattered glimpses of the perfectly beautiful in nature. He leaves everywhere tradition, custom, contemporaries, to follow only the vision that he himself has seen. But who is strong

enough, alone enough, undisturbed enough, to follow unresistingly this vision in its course? Everything that is in the painter will help his vision, whether it be the high spiritual perceptions or the common human experiences; everything that gives him a firmer hold on life and nature deepens and enriches it. What he sees in nature is, as it were, the flower of that seed which has grown within himself. There is something, after all, in Tennyson's lines :

‘Vex not thou the poet’s mind with thy shallow  
wit,

Vex not thou the poet’s mind, for thou canst not  
fathom it.’

And though there may be few who can fathom it, there might chance to be somebody who could throw stones into it, and destroy, at any rate for a time, its power of reflecting the beautiful. The poet goes about seeing only the scattered bits of beauty on the earth that suggest to him the perfect whole, and will one day make it for him. The iconoclast goes about with eyes only for ugliness, and he destroys all the beauty in what comes within his power for

the sake of adding the flaws in it to his collection.

DECEMBER, 1904.

The convent rule, that no one should desire for himself or seek from another that absorbing earthly love that has power so to assimilate and fuse two natures that they become by sympathy one being is, I suppose, really the ideal rule for practical every-day life: that we should not seek sympathy from one another, but that each individual should walk alone towards God; for there is a danger that we may wrest too much of that liberty of the creature towards his Creator (for every man must be free to God).

This is one side of the shield, and it is undoubtedly true; but turn to the other, and the difficulty is not removed, for here we find the words, 'and they twain shall be one flesh.'

DECEMBER, 1904.

The first condition of performing anything of value in art or life is that we shall separate the personal from the personality.

DECEMBER, 1904.

It follows, then, that the first condition of life to be thankful for is the condition in which we have the brain and heart and soul (spirit and body) free towards God, in which nothing may disable or benumb the body (for the body is the brain and hand), in which nothing fills the soul nor opposes the spirit, for they inspire the brain and hand, but where all is left undisturbed, and free both to the perception and the execution of the will of God.

DECEMBER, 1904.

It cannot be our consolation that we have done right, for we know so little, and can see but such a short way, that where we think ourselves most infallible, there we may be most mistaken. Neither can it be our consolation that we have done what other people think right, for in many men are found many minds, and the saint and the scientist and the man of the world take different views of the same things.

But this only is our consolation—that we have trusted in God, and have tried to do as

He has told us, and that nothing has prevented our doing this. It is a great thing to know that we have trusted in God, because we know that He will stand by us ; He will not let our trust in Him be betrayed.

DECEMBER, 1904.

There are persons whose ideals are so very abstract that their conduct never even tends towards that direction, and to whom the only use of those ideals is as a standard to be applied exclusively to other people.

DECEMBER, 1904.

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more,'

is no mere high-falutin' talk, but full of concrete common-sense. For if you cannot love in a way derogatory to yourself, you cannot love in a way derogatory to another. The French idea of the honour one owes to one's self seems to be more clear cut and universally recognised, if one is to judge by their literature, than the English idea of honour is. Or is it that in England the chivalrous notion of the honour one owes to

one's self, and therefore to another, is lost in the mere middle-class notion of self-respect — the honour that will seek death for any exaggerated idea of beauty, or for any delicate chivalrous feeling, and the merely selfish instinct of self-defence at any cost of consideration for others, which is the hideous basis of middle-class self-respect ?

The one presupposes a delicate moral ideal of peculiar and intimate personal dignity; the other never reaches this platform at all, never rises to any moral idea, personal or impersonal, but has its basis in a raw instinct of self-preservation, to look out for one's self, without reference to any further consideration of a more remote kind. It belongs to a lower stage in existence, where people are still engaged in the mere struggle for life, where injury and retaliation are still the order of the day, and where a respect for yourself and for others does not exist; where no motive power is recognised but the common physical will to live, and the common physical will to destroy all that comes in the way of it. In the one case the ruling idea is very remote from self-interest: it is either some personal moral

ideal, or some delicate consideration for others; in the other case the ruling idea is a perfectly commercial self-interest, such as one might expect to find in some purely competitive business transaction. This applies to the motive; the method to be employed might contain all the emotional resources at command. That is merely a question of resource; and the lower you descend in the scale, the more the emotional method will prevail. The lower orders—I mean both morally and socially low, do not mind prostituting their emotions. What they want can be got by no appeal to truth or honour, but by a maudlin exhibition of and appeal to sympathy; for this commercial self-interest is accompanied by a total inability to respond to any conception of another that does not appeal to their 'feeling'—a 'feeling,' of course, that can only be aroused when their self-interest is not in the way. It is a curious juxtaposition of head and heart, where the latter is never allowed to interfere with the former, and where the things of the spirit and imagination are ruled out of court, or where they have never been known to exist.

## A SONG.

## I.

I'd like to wander off to kirk,  
When the dew is on the brae,  
With a mind as white as is my serk,  
As clean from fear or wae ;  
But oh, the Doom on me is strang  
That bids me where I wouldna gang.

## II.

And when the voices in the air,  
And all the birds that sing,  
Would seem to call me over there,  
Where yon blue cloud does hing—  
Oh, then the way would not be lang,  
But that the Doom on me lies strang.

## III.

And soothly can I see and hear  
On mountain, loch, and lea,  
God's secrets filling eye and ear,  
And tell'd to only me ;  
And I would listen saft and lang,  
But oh, the Doom on me lies strang.



## IV.

'Tis like the anchor in the tide,  
Lapped by the idle sea,  
That locks the ship tho' sails are wide  
And straining to be free.  
Oh, she could sail light as a sang,  
But that the anchor chain is strang !

DECEMBER, 1904.

The highest ideal that the ordinary man can form for a woman is that she shall give up everything for himself; this he considers romantically and magnificently beyond the powers of most women—an ideal to which only the very elect may attain. The chivalrous ideal, on the contrary, is that a man should be able to give up even the woman herself for herself, for her sake—an ideal, certainly, which few men may attain, for it means entering that realm, far beyond egotism, of freed spirits.

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THE END



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